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68 PAGE MAGAZINE 68

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68

PLUGS

No. 23

DYNAMIC COMICS

DARING TIME CASES

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**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

SAVE MONEY-SAVE TIME

New Easy Way

MAKES BUTTON HOLES

ON YOUR OWN SEWING MACHINE

MY! BUT IT'S EXPENSIVE
TO HAVE BUTTON HOLES MADE.

YES PLEASE

WHAT YOU NEED IS A BUTTON-HOLE MAKER
LIKE THIS... IT COSTS ONLY \$1.00 AND FITS ON
YOUR SEWING MACHINE — AND IT'S SO SIMPLE
TO OPERATE!

THIS IS MARVELOUS!
FROM NOW ON I'LL
MAKE ALL MY OWN
BUTTON-HOLES

JUST LOOK AT ALL THESE BUTTON-
HOLES I MADE — AND IT WAS REALLY FUN

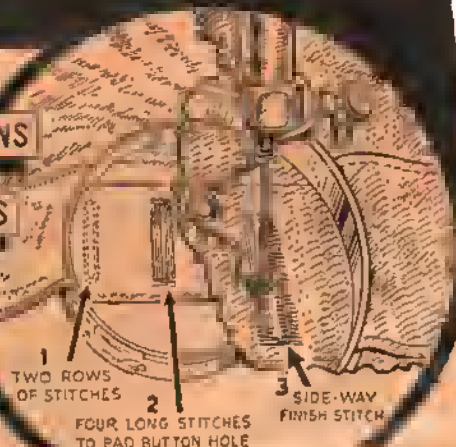
I KNEW YOU'D LOVE IT! AND
YOU CAN DARN HOSE AND SEW
ON BUTTONS & ZIPPERS WITH IT

SEW ON BUTTONS

DARN STOCKINGS

ATTACH ZIPPERS

MEND TEARS



NEW!
IMPROVED! **2 for 1 offer** **\$1.00**
NOTHING LIKE IT! Now only

Once dreaded by every woman, now sensational new invention makes button-hole making as easy as basting a hem. Twice as neat results in half the time too! Fits any sewing machine . . . attaches in a moment. In our wonderful offer you get not one . . . but TWO of these valuable attachments. Simple to use. Complete with hoop for darning stockings, button-hole guide and easy directions in pictures. Test at our risk.

EXTRA... NEEDLE THREADER

Prompt action brings you marvelous time-saving, eye-saving needle threader. Write today!

SEND NO MONEY • ORDER NOW

Just send your name. When you receive your new improved button-hole attachment and gift needle threader, deposit only \$1.00 plus C.O.D. charges thru postman on guarantee if you aren't delighted, you may return for one dollar refund. Or send cash with order, we pay postage Special . . . 3 sets for \$2.50 NOW. Mail your name and address to:

LONDON SPECIALTIES

Dept. 175 8505 S. Phillips Ave., Chicago 17, Ill.

RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY

LONDON SPECIALTIES, Dept. 175
8505 S. Phillips, Chicago, Illinois

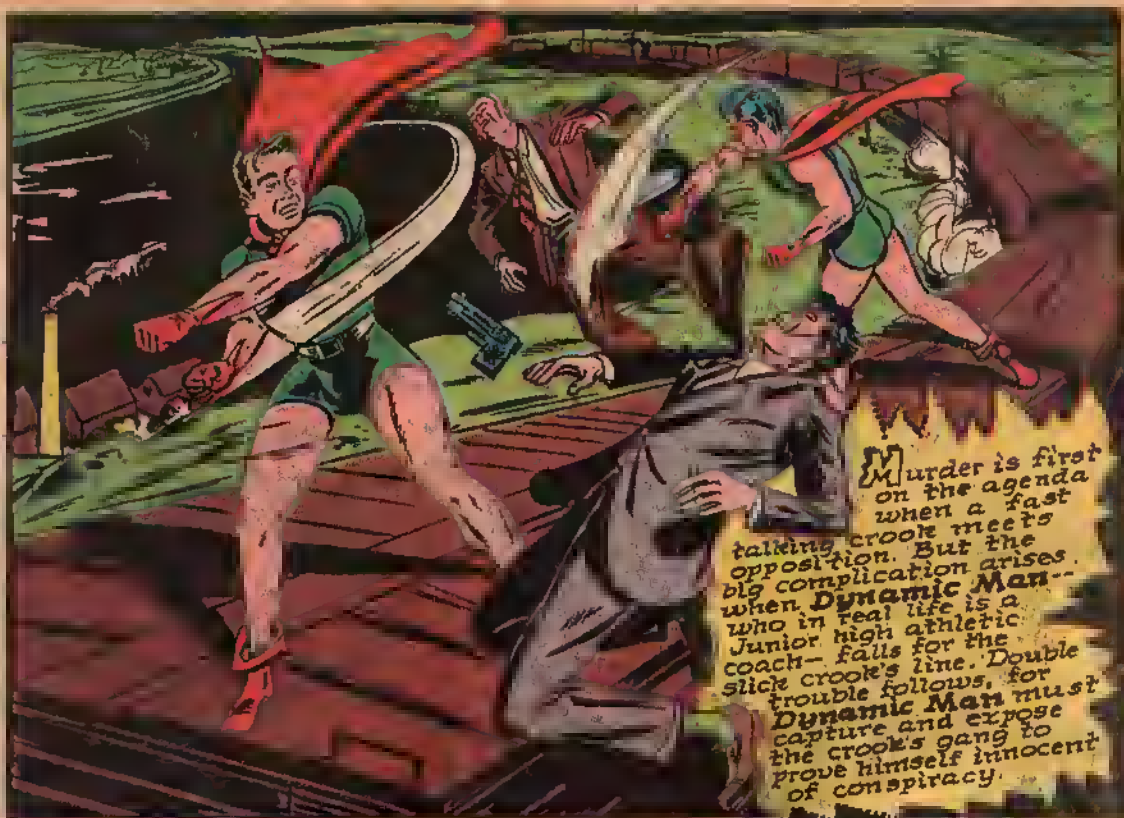
Send my Button Hole Maker and Extra Needle Threader at once! On arrival I'll pay postman \$1.00 plus postage, or \$1 for just \$2.50 plus postage* (Cash orders sent prepaid.) If not delighted, I may return in 10 days for money back.

Name.....

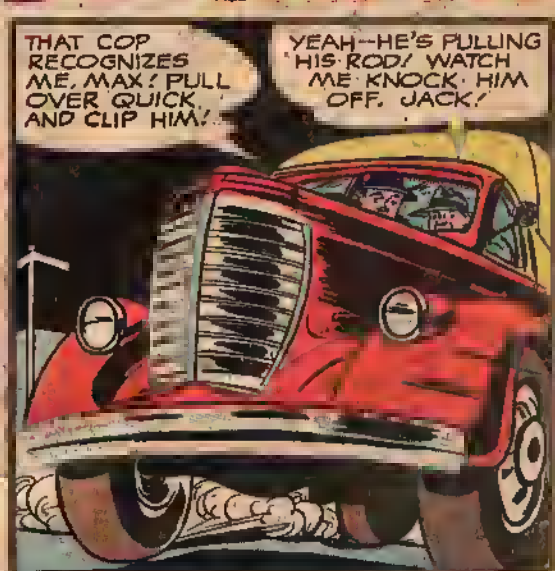
Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

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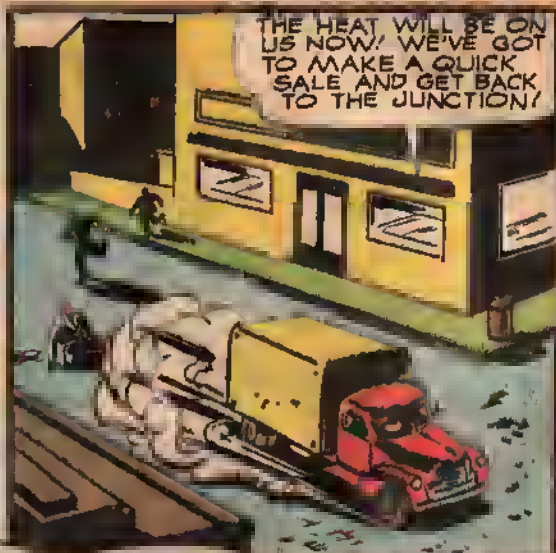


DYNAMIC MAN





THAT'LL TEACH HIM TO BLOW HIS WHISTLE AT THE WRONG GUYS!



THE HEAT WILL BE ON US NOW! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE A QUICK SALE AND GET BACK TO THE JUNCTION!



MY BOSS SAW YOU HIT. HE'S PHONING FOR THE AMBULANCE! YOU HURT BAD?

YEAH--BOTH LEGS! MY SIDE HURTS WHEN I BREATHE!



IF I PASS OUT BEFORE THEY COME, TELL 'EM JACK YOLAND WAS IN THE TRUCK THAT HIT ME!

YOLAND? HE WAS IN THAT JAIL BREAK LAST WEEK! HE'S A DANGEROUS HOODLUM!



GO UP A COUPLE OF STREETS AND PARK WHERE YOU WON'T DRAW ATTENTION! I'LL MEET YOU SOON AS I GET THE COACH TO SIGN!

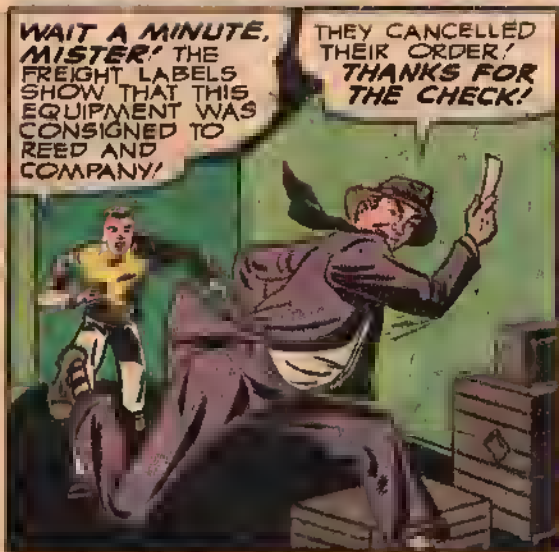
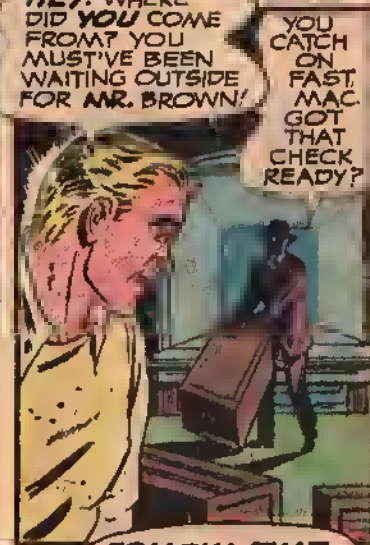
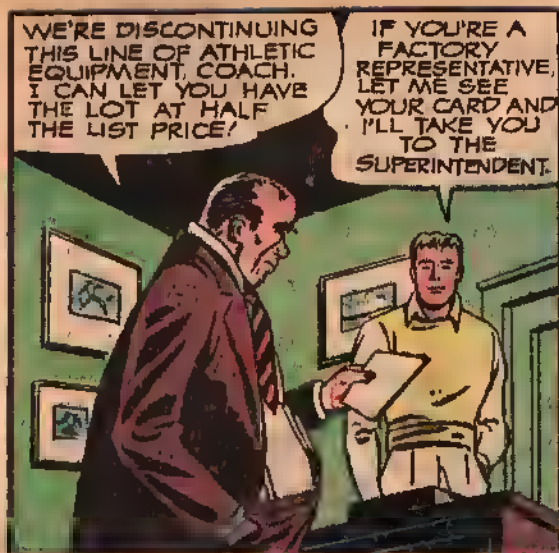


COACH! THERE'S AN ODD LOOKIN' DUCK DOWN IN THE OFFICE. WANTS TO SEE YOU!

OKAY, RICKY. I'LL SEE HIM. GET BACK INTO PRACTICE.

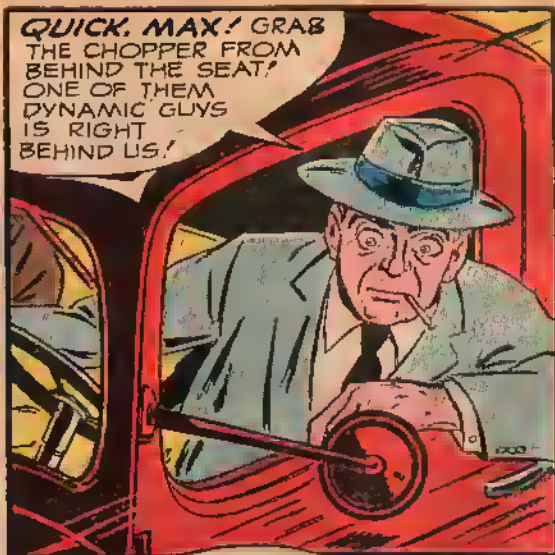


I'M ALWAYS AFRAID SOMEONE WILL DISCOVER THAT COACH AND I ARE DYNAMIC MAN AND DYNAMIC BOY!





BROWN JUMPED ABOARD AND THEY ARE HEADING FOR THE INTERSTATE HIGHWAY AT TOP SPEED!



QUICK, MAX! GRAB THE CHOPPER FROM BEHIND THE SEAT! ONE OF THEM DYNAMIC GUYS IS RIGHT BEHIND US!



YEAH--IT'S DYNAMIC BOY! I'LL MAKE A SIEVE OUTTA HIM! HE MUSTA GOT A TIP ON US FROM THE COPS!



HELLO, COACH! I GOT TOO CLOSE. THE DRIVER SEES ME IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR. OH--OH! BROWN HAS A TOMMYGUN HE'S--

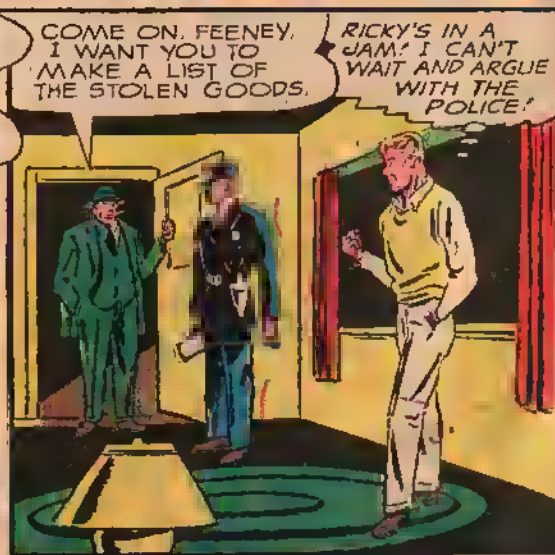


OKAY, COACH! WHERE'S THAT PHONE? WHO WAS TALKIN' JUST THEN?

WHY, ER-- SOME KID UP IN THE GYM PUTTING ON AN ACT. VOICE CAME THROUGH THE VENTILATOR DUCT!

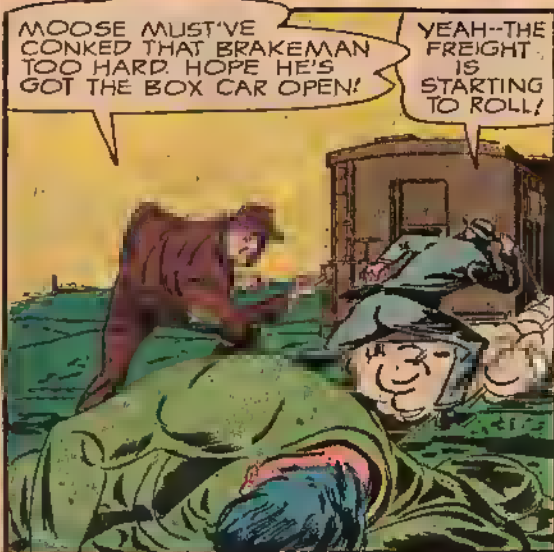
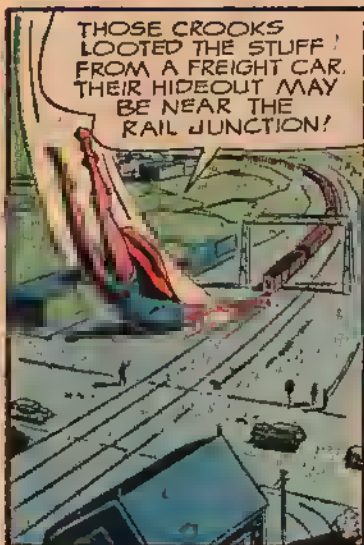


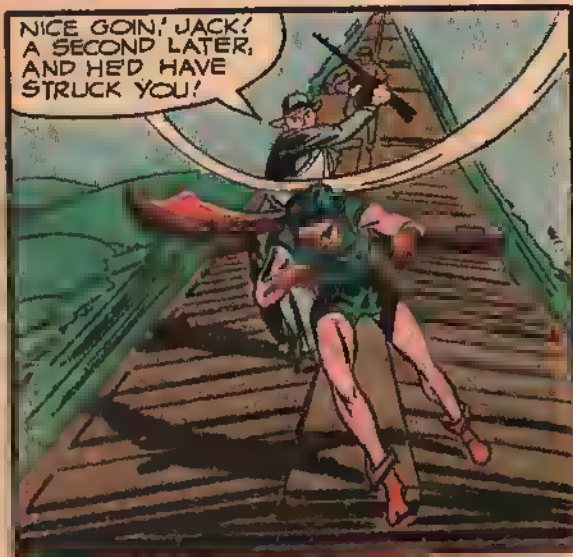
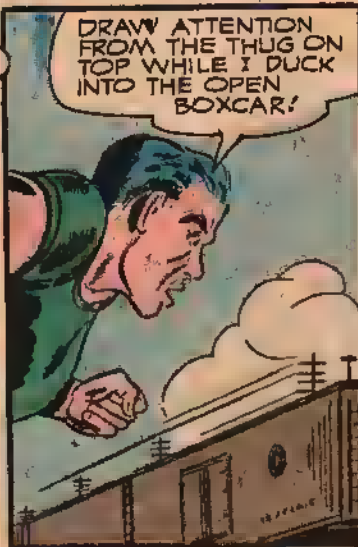
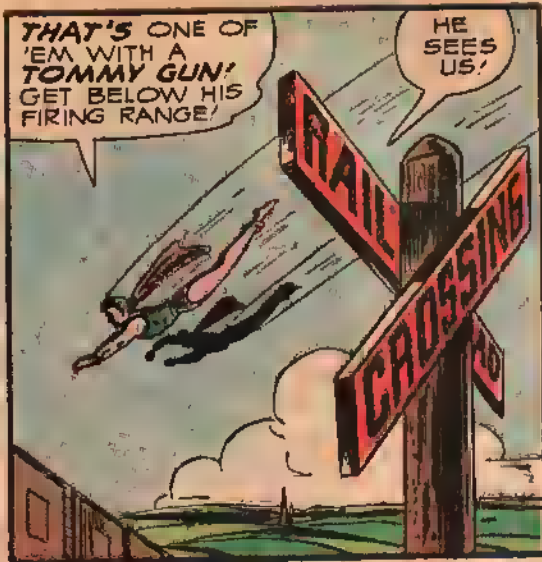
NO TIME TO BE FUNNY! THE OFFICER THEY HIT WITH THE TRUCK DIED OF INTERNAL INJURIES! MAYBE YOLAND GAVE YOU A CUT FOR OKAYING THE PURCHASE OF THAT STOLEN EQUIPMENT!

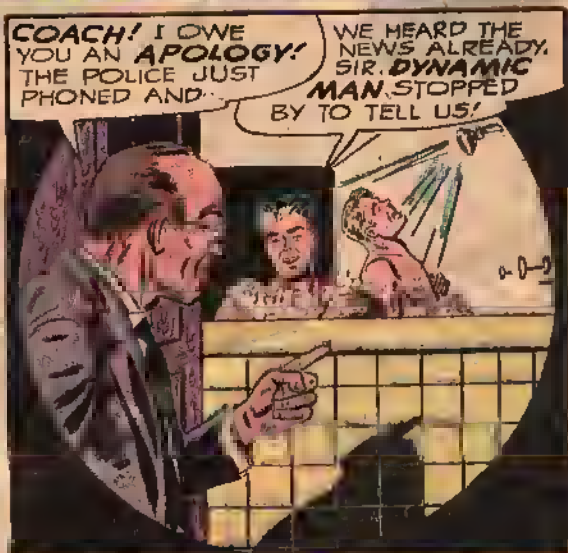
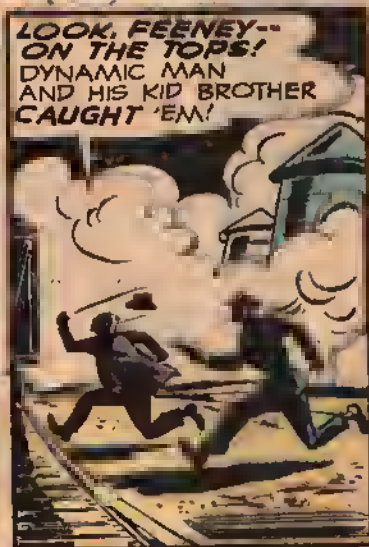
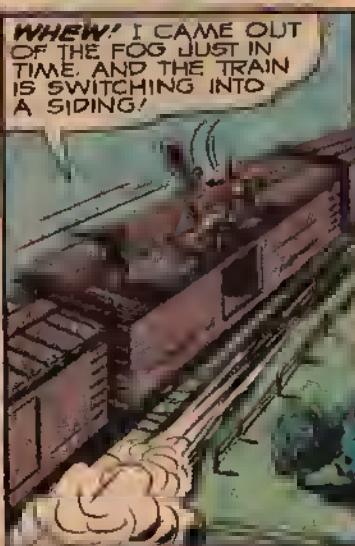


COME ON, FEENEY, I WANT YOU TO MAKE A LIST OF THE STOLEN GOODS.

RICKY'S IN A JAM! I CAN'T WAIT AND ARGUE WITH THE POLICE!







Yankee Girl



How could a grisly menace stem from the social set's annual cat show? At the risk of her life, Lauren Mason darts forth as **Yankee Girl** to defy the feline fury that spells death to dowagers and prize persian pets!

Lauren Mason and her fiance, Dr. Corey Habot, drive home from a matinee.

MUST YOU DRAG ME TO THAT CAT SHOW TONIGHT?

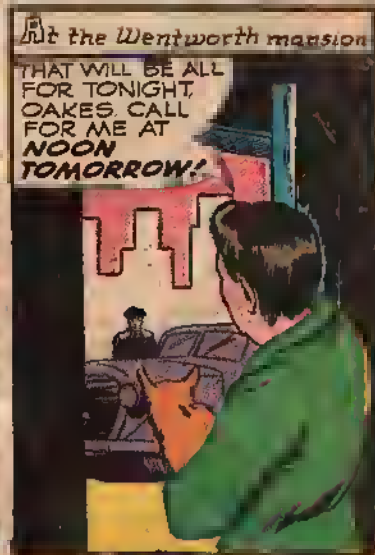
LOOK OUT! STOP THE CAR!

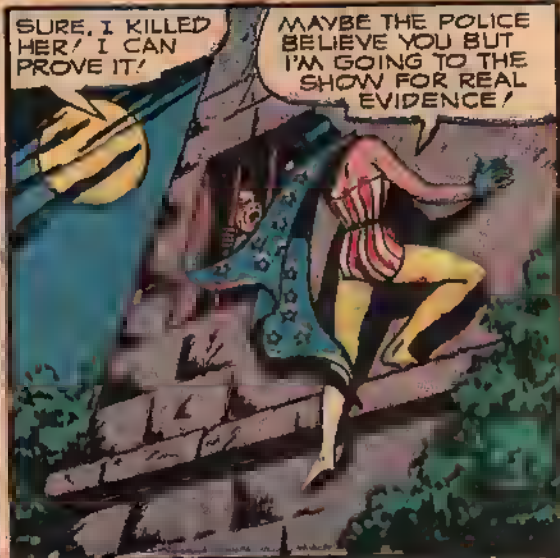
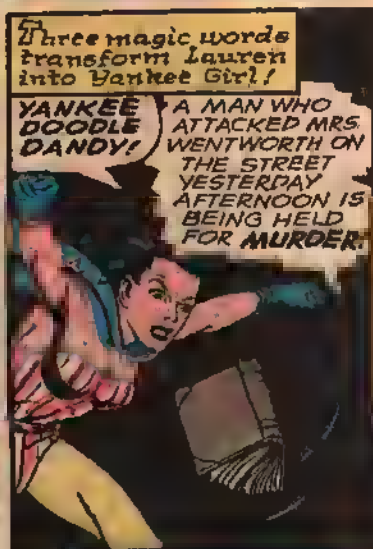
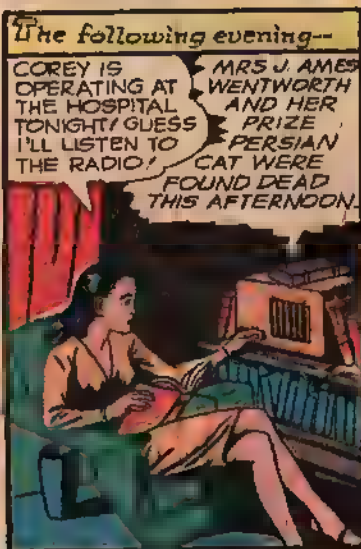


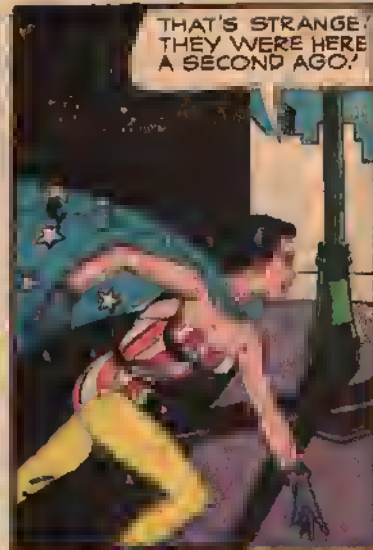
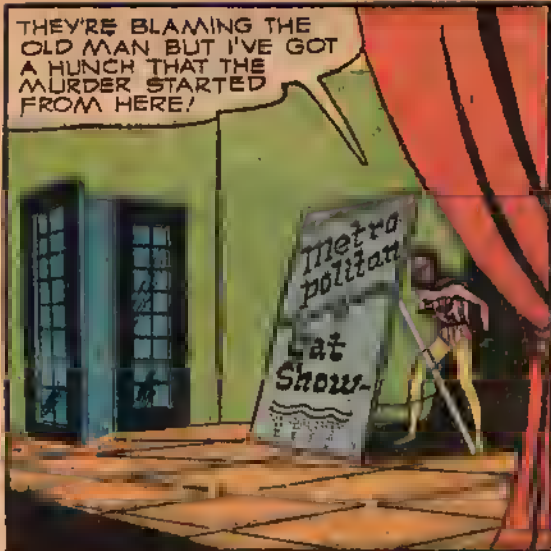
REFUSE TO ACCEPT MY ENTRIES, EH? AFRAID MY CATS WOULD WIN, HUH? I'LL KILL YOU!

DON'T YOU DARE TOUCH ME! HELP!







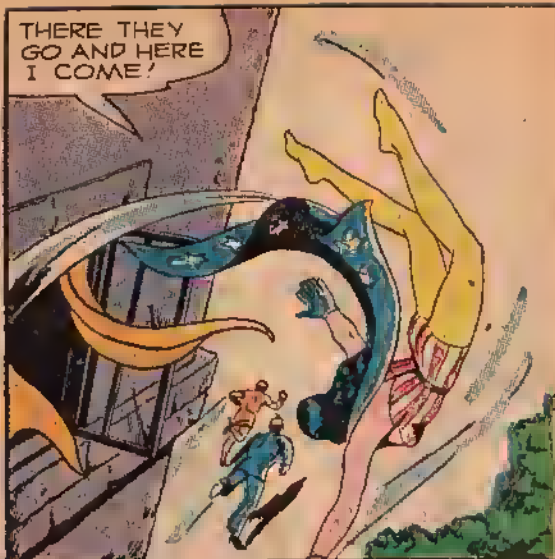






HEY, NICK--
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

YANKEE GIRL'S
IN THERE--I'M
LEAVING!



THERE THEY
GO AND HERE
I COME!



THIS TIME
YOU WON'T
PULL ANY OF
YOUR TRICKS!

STOP!



LET ME
UP! LET
ME UP!

SURE AS SOON
AS JOHN LAW
GETS HERE!



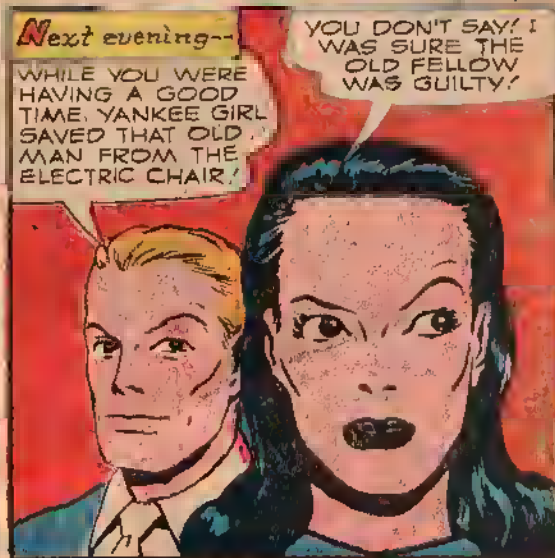
WE GOT A
CALL FROM
MRS. NOBLE!
WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE?

COME
INSIDE
AND
YOU'LL
SEE!



WHEN MRS.
WENTWORTH
PETTED HER CAT,
THIS NEEDLE INJECTED
A POWERFUL SERUM
INTO IT. THEN THE
CAT'S BITE
KILLED HER!

THEN THEY
PLANNED TO
LOOT MY
HOUSE!



Next evening--

WHILE YOU WERE
HAVING A GOOD
TIME, YANKEE GIRL
SAVED THAT OLD
MAN FROM THE
ELECTRIC CHAIR!

YOU DON'T SAY! I
WAS SURE THE
OLD FELLOW
WAS GUILTY!

CRIME ON THE RUN



HOW'D YOU LIKE A CUT OF TEN GRAND, GRAY? I'VE LINED UP A NIFTY STICKUP!

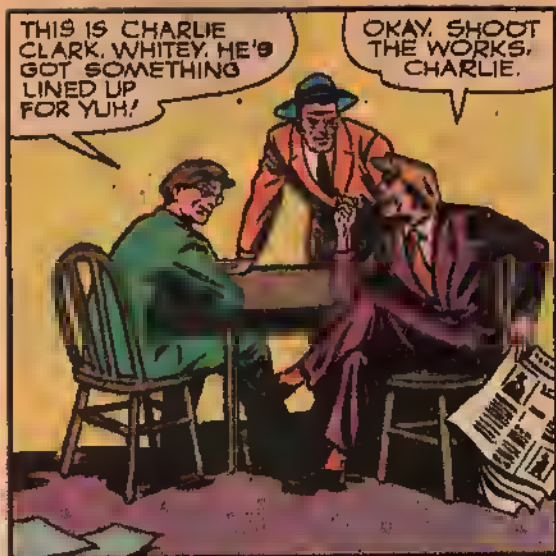
I COULD USE THE DOUGH. I AIN'T HAD EASY PICKIN'S DRIVIN' A CAB HERE IN NEWARK!



WE NEED A COUPLE OF SMART KIDS TO PULL THE JOB. KNOW ANY?

SURE, CHARLIE! I'LL GET "WHITEY" WARCHOLE OVER HERE!





The following evening--

OKAY, BOYS. MOSEY INTO THE GARAGE AND STICK UP THE DRIVERS AS THEY PULL IN!

SIGNAL US WITH THE HORN IF A COPPER SHOWS UP!

TRUCK COMIN' IN NOW. WAIT TILL HE SHUTS OFF HIS IGNITION, BLACKIE!

THIS IS A CINCH--! NOBODY'S AROUND!



KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT AND HAND OVER THAT DOUGH!

HEY!
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

WE AIN'T GONNA HURT YUH UNLESS YUH SQUAWK!

I'LL HELP YUH TIE HIM UP! HE HAD OVER A HUNNERT BUCKS.

THAT'S STRANGE! I HEARD A TRUCK PULL IN. WONDER WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE DRIVER?



HEY! THIS GUY MUST BE THE CASHIER! UP WITH YOUR MITTS, MISTER!

I'LL GO THROUGH HIS POCKETS. WE'LL TAKE WHAT HE'S GOT IN THE OFFICE LATER!

HEY! WHAT THE DEVIL IS GOING ON HERE?



DROP THAT
GUN, YOU
HALFWIT!

YOU WANNA MAKE
TROUBLE, HUH?
WE AIN'T HAVIN'
ANY, MISTER!



I HAD TO DO
IT, BLACKIE! HE
WAS COMIN'
FOR ME!

YA ONLY GOT
HIM IN
THE LEG!



WHAT
WENT
WRONG,
WHITEY?

STEP ON IT,
WILL YUH?
I HAD TO
PLUG THE
GUY. WE
DIDN'T GET
A DIME!



45 minutes after the
holdup, detectives went
to Albert Gray's residence--

IF WITNESSES
GOT THE
LICENSE
NUMBER
RIGHT, WE
SHOULD FIND
GRAY HERE!

HE REGISTERED
HIS CAR FROM
THIS ADDRESS,
BUT HE
MIGHT
HAVE
SKIPPED.



YOU'RE ALBERT
GRAY, HUH?
COME ALONG
WITH US. WE
WANT TO KNOW
ABOUT THE
HOLDUP OVER
ON MT. PLEASANT.

HOLDUP?
WHY, I
JUST
GOT
HOME.
MY LAST
FARE
WENT
TO THE
STATION.



Gray was released after questioning,
but next day, a new lead appeared--

"AND THERE WAS
CHARLIE CLARK.
WORKED HERE
THIRTY YEARS. HAD TO
FIRE HIM BECAUSE HE
DRANK. HE'D NEVER
ROB, THOUGH."

OH, YEAH? WE'LL
LOOK HIM
UP ANYWAY!



HEADING FOR THE
HOUSE WHERE GRAY
LIVES. MAYBE YOU
KNOW HIM, CLARK.
COME ALONG WITH
ME TO HEADQUARTERS!

YOU-- YOU
MUST'VE MADE
A MISTAKE.
MY NAME'S
CLARK BUT--



But Clark was soon at headquarters!

GRAY AND ME
DIDN'T HAVE GUNS.
WHITEY AND
BLACKIE DID ALL
THE SHOOTIN'!

LOCK HIM UP!
WE'VE GOT TO
NAB WHITEY AND
HIS PAL BEFORE
THEY SKIP TOWN.



YEAH-- I SEEN
WHITEY. HE WUZ
TOTIN' TWO RODS
AN' SWEARIN' HE'D
BLOW THE BRAINS
OUTTA ANY COP
WHO TRIED TO
PICK HIM UP!

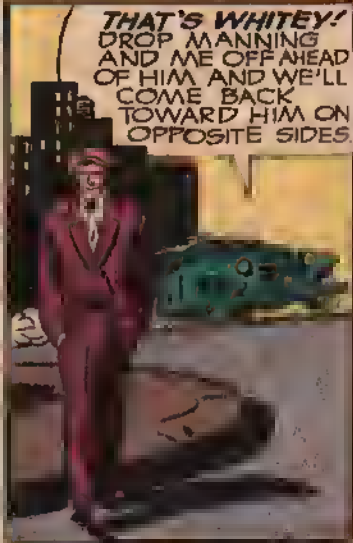
THANKS. MAYBE
WE'LL FIND HIM
AT THE RAILROAD
STATION!



STEP ON IT! I'VE
A HUNCH WE'LL SPOT
WHITEY DOWN BY
PENN STATION!



THAT'S WHITEY!
DROP MANNING
AND ME OFF AHEAD
OF HIM AND WE'LL
COME BACK
TOWARD HIM ON
OPPOSITE SIDES



IT'S LUCKY HE
DOESN'T KNOW
ME. I DON'T
THINK HE'S
SUSPICIOUS
YET!



WHY-- YOU
LOUSY
COPPER!
LET GO
OF ME!!

I'M LETTING
GO AT YOU,
WHITEY!



**SLUG HIM
AGAIN, JOE!**
WE'LL PIN HIM
DOWN AND TAKE
HIS ARTILLERY!.



Whitey broke down at headquarters--

THE MEN YOU PUNKS
SHOT IS DYING. IF
WE DON'T FIND
BLACKIE, YOU'LL
TAKE THE
RAP ALONE!

I DUNNO
EXACTLY WHERE
BLACKIE LIVES.
AROUND GREEN
STREET, THERE'S
CANARIES AND
GERANIUMS IN
THE FRONT
WINDOW!



THINK HE WAS
LYING ABOUT
THE CANARIES?
SOUNDED
FISHY TO ME!

NO--LOOK!
THERE THEY
ARE, CANARIES
AND GERANIUMS!
TAKE IT EASY
NOW, MEN!



YES, I HAVE
A ROOMER
BY THAT NAME.
HE'S LEAVING
TONIGHT. I
THINK HE'S
LYING DOWN
NOW!

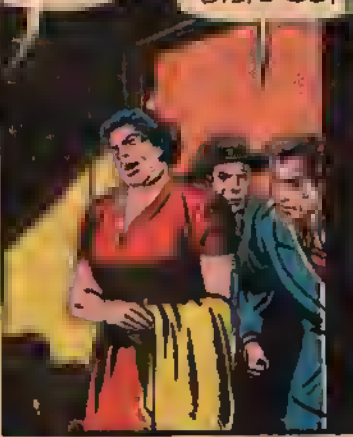
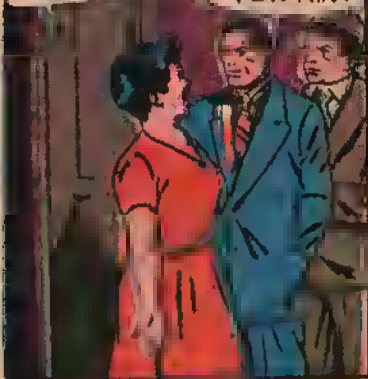
KNOCK
HIS DOOR.
TELL HIM
YOU'VE
GOT
CLEAN
TOWELS
FOR HIM.

PUT 'EM ON
THE BUREAU.
I'M LYIN'
DOWN!

**READY
NOW.**
SOON
AS SHE
STEPS OUT

NO YUH
DON'T,
COPPERS!

GET YOUR
HANDS UP,
BLACKIE!
THERE'S THREE
OF US. YOU
HAVEN'T GOT
A CHANCE!



I'VE GOT HIS RODS.
GIVE HIM ANOTHER
MOUTHFUL OF
KNUCKLES BEFORE
YOU PUT THE
BRACELETS
ON HIM!

**WITH
PLEASURE!**



Whitey and Blackie each received
twelve year prison terms. Clark
was sentenced to eight years. Gray
got off with two years. The victim
of the shooting lost his leg, but
survived luckily enough.

IMA SLOTH

**STOP IT!
YOU'VE GOT
ME DOING
IT NOW!**



**MIGHT AS WELL
GO TO THE DOGS
AND BET A COUPLA
BISCUITS!**



**HELLO,
PINKY!
HOW--???**

**JUST A
MINNIT
IMA/ WHERE
IS YER
TICKET?**



**DON'T I GET ANY
PROFESSIONAL
COURTESY AROUND
HERE, YOU LIVER-
BRAINED
BLOODHOUND!**





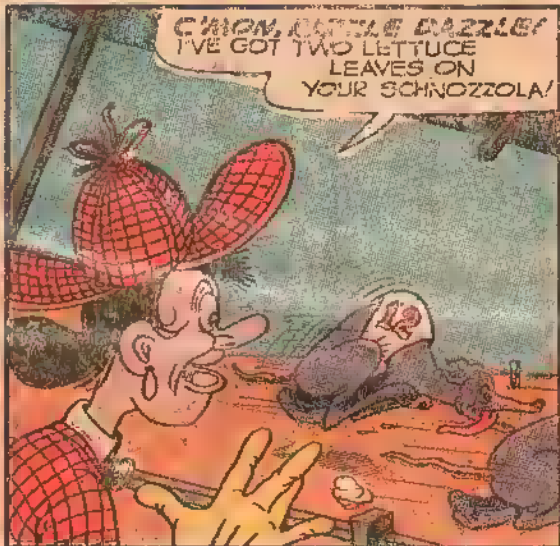
SURE—PROFESSIONAL COURTESY AND ~~GRAT~~ **DUCAT** WILL GET YOU IN, IMA!



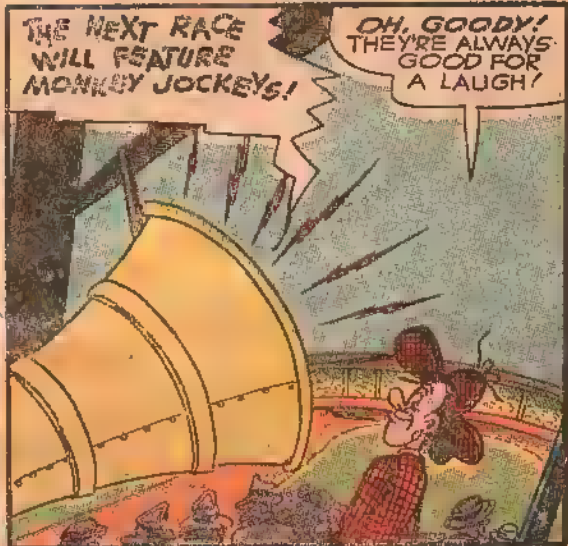
ONE CARDBOARD, **SWEETIE**—AND MAKE IT SNAPPY! I'LL SHOW THAT COPPER!



ALWAYS GLAD TO OBLIGE—HERE'S YOUR TICKET. **STINKY**--ER, I MEAN **PINKY**!!

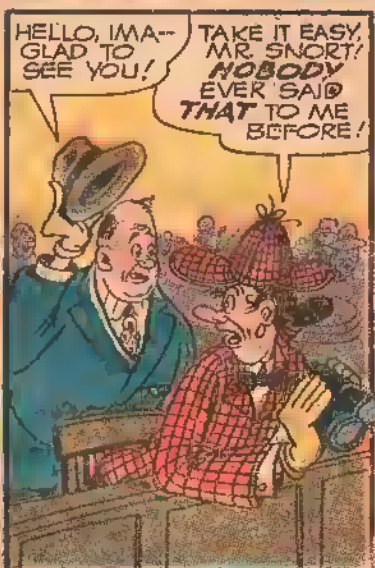


CHRON, **CATTLE DAZZLES**! I'VE GOT TWO LETTUCE LEAVES ON YOUR **SCHNOZZOLA**!



THE NEXT RACE WILL FEATURE **MONKEY JOCKEYS**!

OH, GOODY! THEY'RE ALWAYS GOOD FOR A LAUGH!



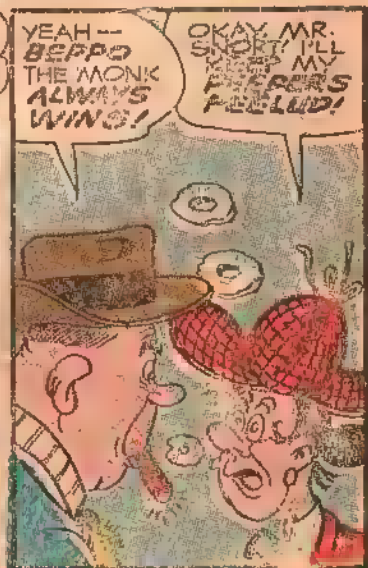
HELLO, IMA--GLAD TO SEE YOU!

TAKE IT EASY, MR. SNORT! **NOBODY** EVER SAID **THAT** TO ME BEFORE!



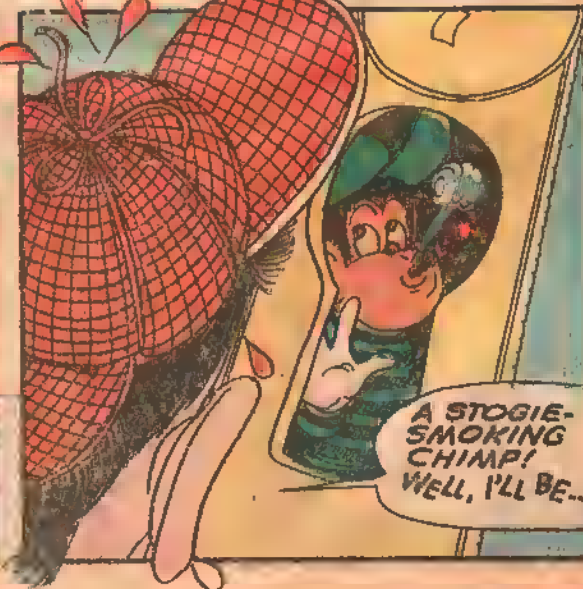
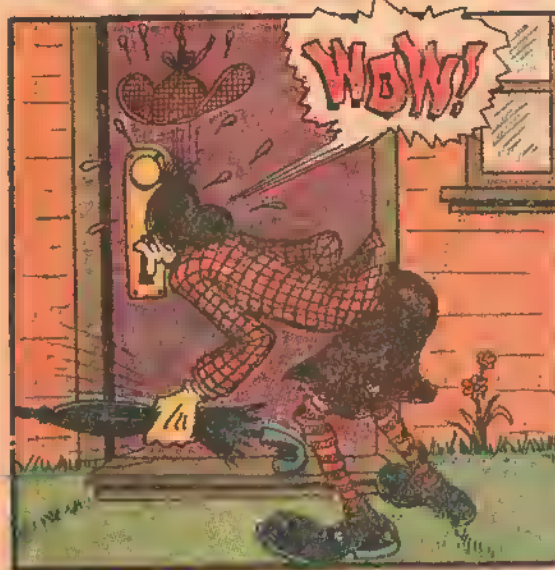
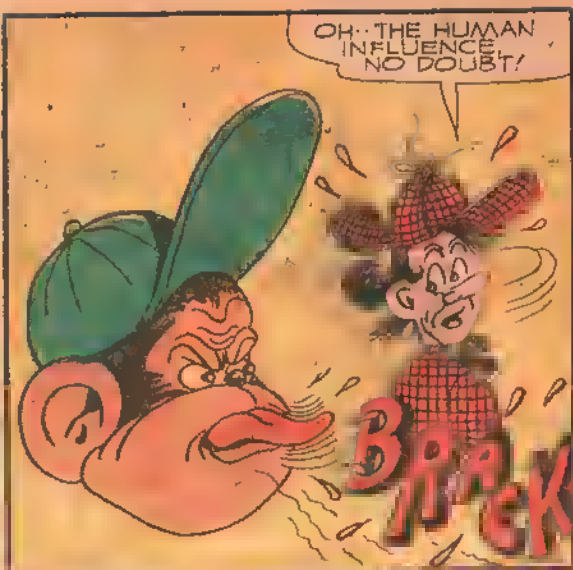
THE NEXT RACE WITH THE MONK JOCKEYS--SOMETHING ROTTEN IS GOING ON!

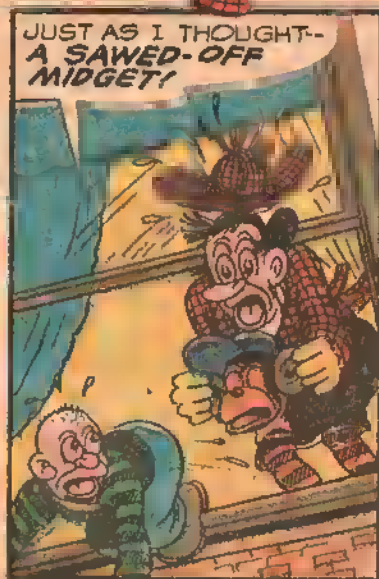
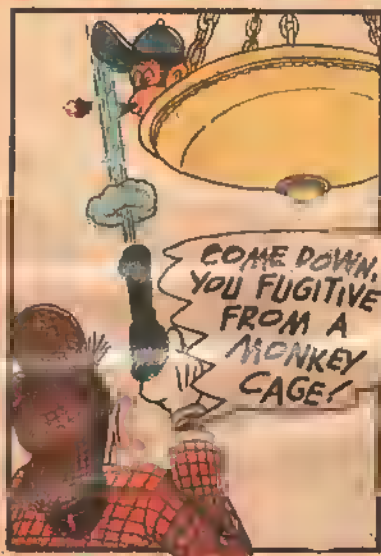
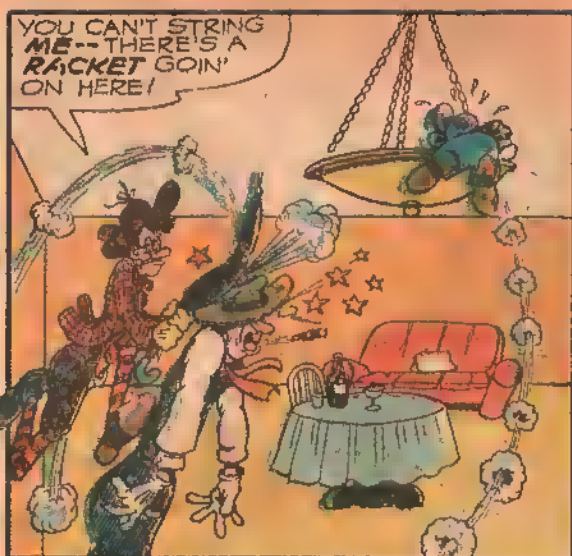
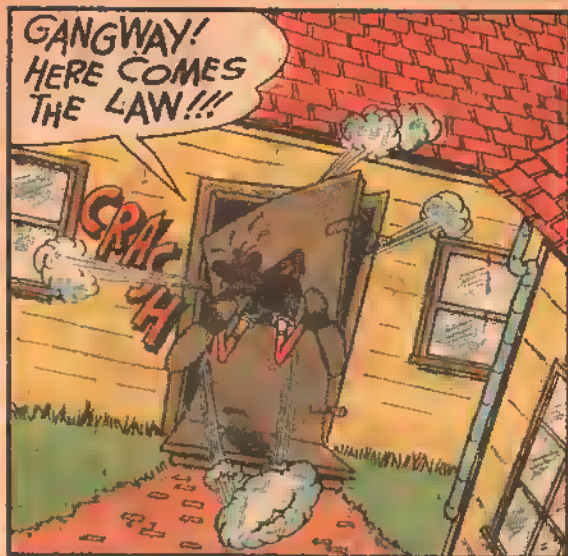
MONKEY BUSINESS, EH?

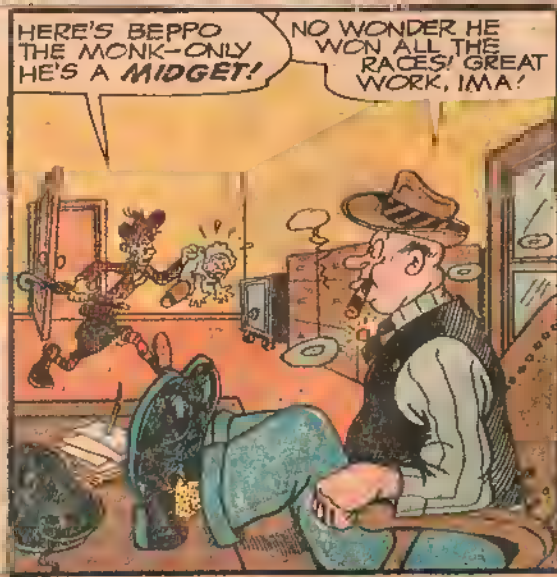
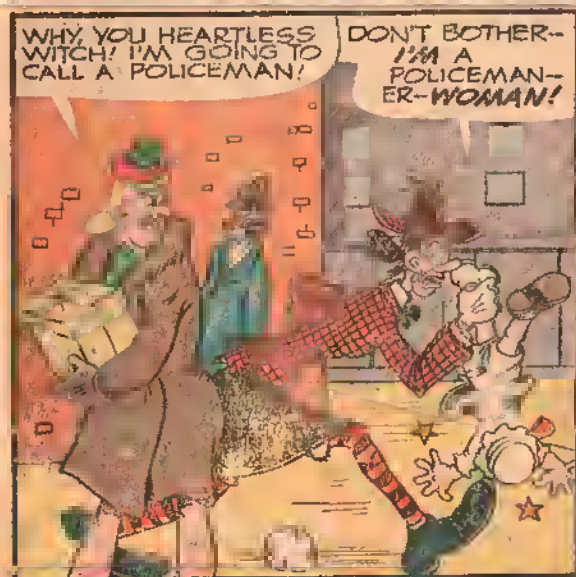
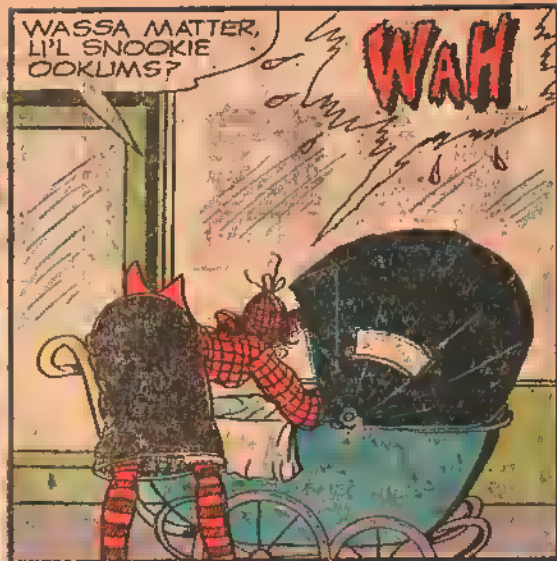
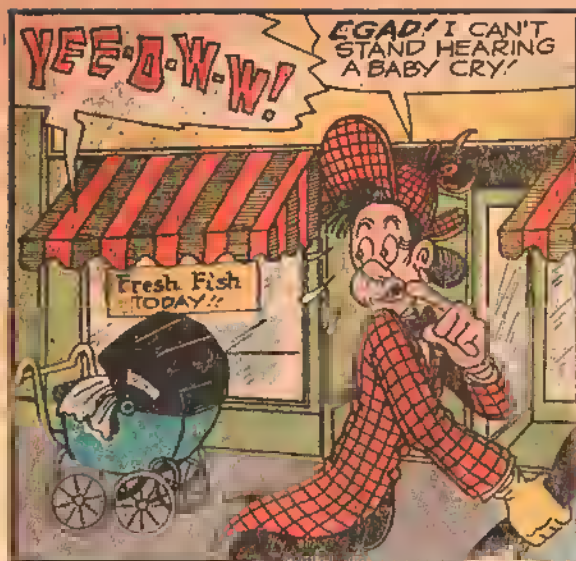


YEAH--**BEPP**O THE MONK ALWAYS **WING**!

OKAY, MR. SNORT! I'LL **KEEP** MY **FEEL**ERS **FEEL**ED!







MR.

E

Pain and suffering of thousands of polio victims was about to end. Laughter and joy spread thru the wards of the Silver Springs Foundation—until unexpected death appeared. — Mr. "E" volunteered to recover the secret of healing—but the odds were 100 to 1 against him!



PROFESSOR BYFIELD IS DUE HERE ANY MOMENT. YOU THINK IT WILL STORM?

IT LOOKS DARK, DR. GLADWYN. BUT WHY SHOULD RAIN PREVENT BYFIELD FROM DEMONSTRATING HIS NEUROVITALIZER?



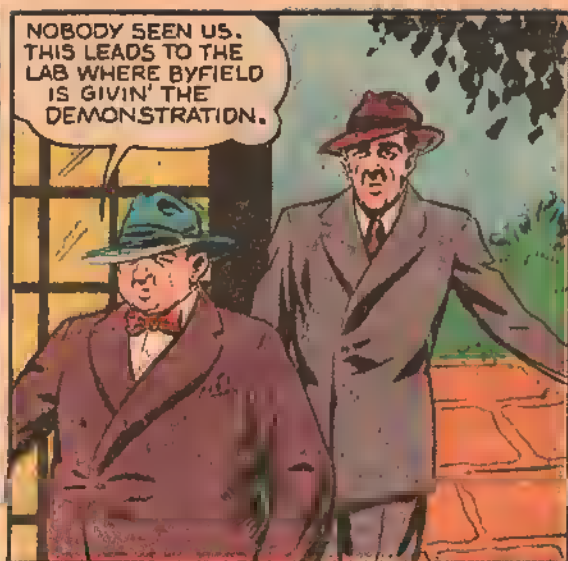
HA-HA-HA! IT WILL BE FAIR WEATHER FOR THE FOUL PLAY OF FIENDS, MY DEAR DOCTOR!





RITZY LAYOUT THEY GOT HERE, OTTO.. ANY GUARDS?

NAW, THEY NEVER DREAMED OF THE KIND OF TROUBLE WE'RE BRINGIN'!!



NOBODY SEEN US. THIS LEADS TO THE LAB WHERE BYFIELD IS GIVIN' THE DEMONSTRATION.



SORRY I'M A BIT LATE, DR. GLADWYN.

QUITE ALL RIGHT, PROFESSOR BYFIELD. COME RIGHT IN. THE PATIENT IS READY FOR YOUR TREATMENT.



GOSH! MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO WALK AGAIN NURSE!

QUIET NOW, TOMMY!



I CAN FEEL IT! MY LEG IS TINGLING!!

MARVELOUS! THE THERAPY ACTS IMMEDIATELY ON PARALYZED NERVES. AFTER A SERIES OF TREATMENTS YOU'LL WALK AGAIN, TOMMY!

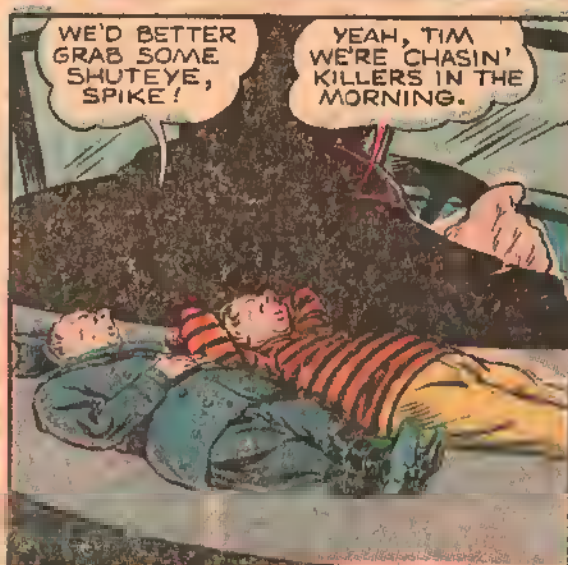
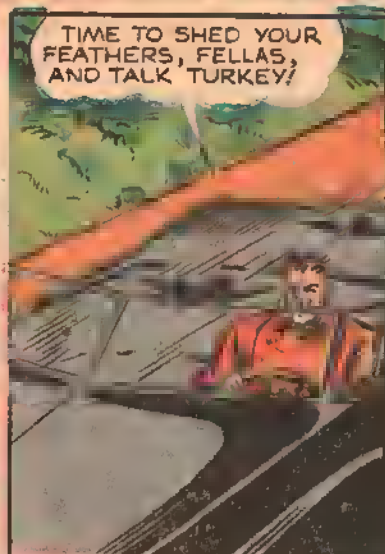


SHUT UP, ALL OF YOU!! BYFIELD IS COMING WITH US!

I'LL GRAB THAT MACHINE. IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE!



JUST TO PROVE WE MEAN BUSINESS!!



An hour after dawn...

SPIKE AND I
WILL SNOOP AROUND
WHILE YOU'RE GETTING
THE FACTS INSIDE, MR. "E".

THESE FOOTPRINTS
ARE A DAY OLD, SPIKE,
BUT THEY CAN TELL US
THINGS THE DETECTIVES
WOULD NEVER DISCOVER.

THE DEEP MARKS
WERE MADE BY
PROF. BYFIELD.
HE'S BIG AND
HEAVY.

I'D MAKE A BETTER
COP THAN YOU, TIM.
SEE WHAT HAPPENED
HERE?

YES--AND THE
KILLERS HAD
PARKED THEIR
CAR BY THAT TREE.
I'LL RUN AND TELL
MR. "E"!

WE'RE AFTER THREE
KILLERS, NOT TWO
CHIEF! LET'S HEAD
FOR THE NEAREST
LAKE OR RIVER.

WHO-WHAT
WAS THAT
LITTLE CREATURE,
MR. "E"??

LOOKED LIKE A
DOLL OR A
PUPPET--ONLY
IT WAS ALIVE!

I DIDN'T SEE A THING,
DR. CARLSON. THANKS FOR
THE INFORMATION ABOUT
BYFIELD AND HIS
KIDNAPERS. DON'T
PAY THE RANSOM.

THE KILLERS DEMAND
A HALF MILLION RANSOM
FOR THE RELEASE OF
BYFIELD AND HIS
NEUROVITALIZER.

WHAT'S THE
LOWDOWN,
MR. "E"? WE'RE GOING TO
CHARTER A PLANE
AT THE NEAREST
AIRPORT.

YOU-YOU'VE GOT A **HALF MILLION** IN THAT PACKAGE? WH-WHERE YOU MAKIN' THE PAYOFF?

I'VE GOT TO BAIL DUT OVER THE DISMAL SWAMP WHEN WE SEE THE SIGNAL. BRING ME A PARACHUTE.



NOTHING BUT A BLOCK OF WOOD WRAPPED IN PAPER! MR. 'E'S GOT SOME NERVE.

THE KILLERS FIGURED A SMART SCHEME BY DEMANDING A HOSTAGE TO DROP FROM THE SKY WITH THE RANSOM.



WHAT IF THERE'S A G-MAN WITH A SHORT WAVE RADIO IN THAT PLANE, TUSK?

DON'T BE A DOPE, OTTO. **LOOK!!** A GUY IS BAILING OUT!

MY PLAN WON'T WORK IF THE WIND BLOWS US BEYOND THE SWAMP ISLAND AND THEY COME OUT FOR ME IN A BOAT.

WE'RE NOT DRIFTING MUCH. YOU'LL LAND ON THE END OF THE ISLAND.



THERE HE IS - NEAR THE BANK. HE'S GOT A PACKAGE!

MAYBE IT'S DYNAMITE! START SHOOTING, OTTO!

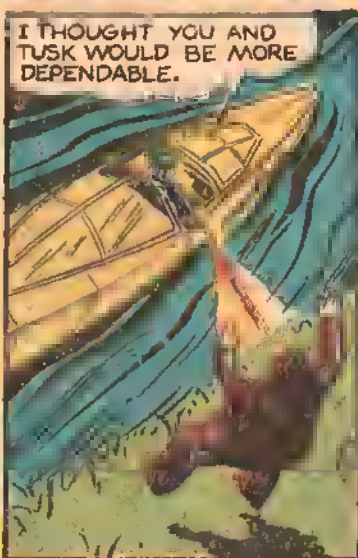


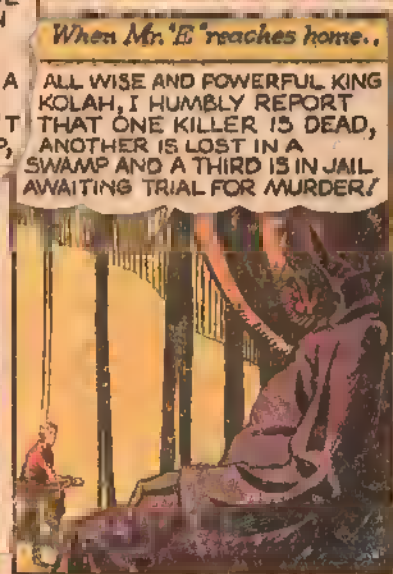
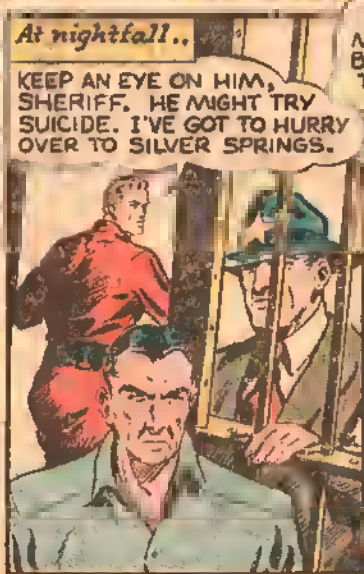
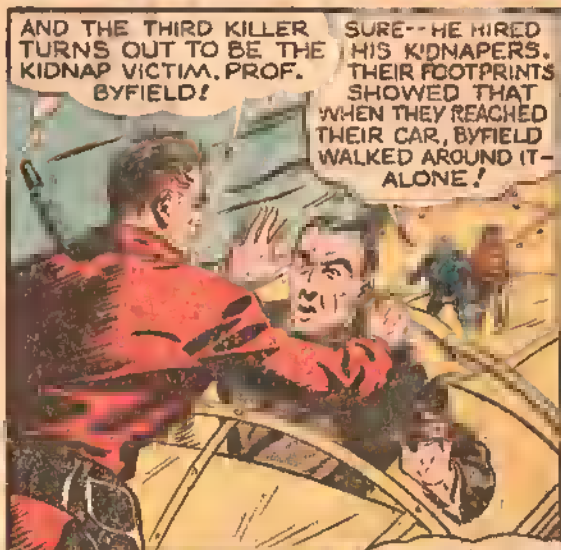
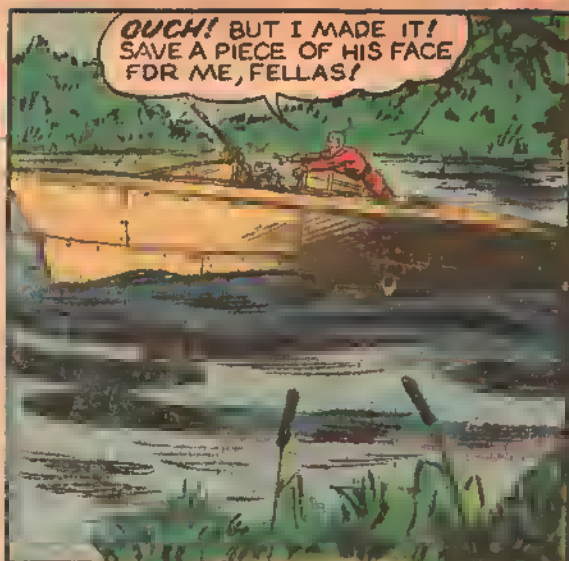
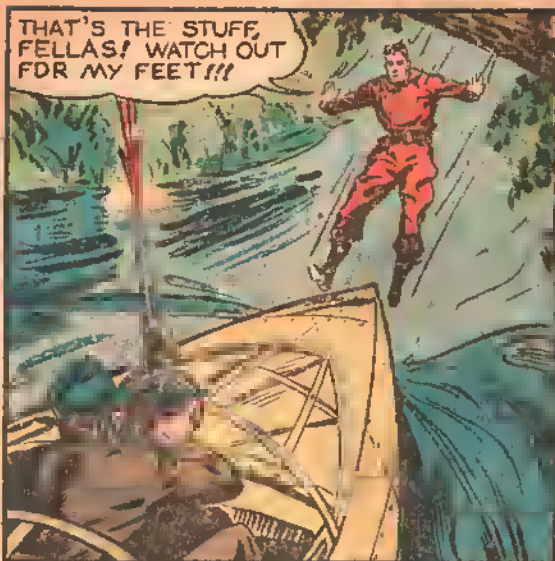
ALLEY OOP! DROOPS! NOW UP AND AT 'EM, TIM!



THROW THEIR GUNS INTO THE UNDERBRUSH AND THEY'LL BE HELPLESS!



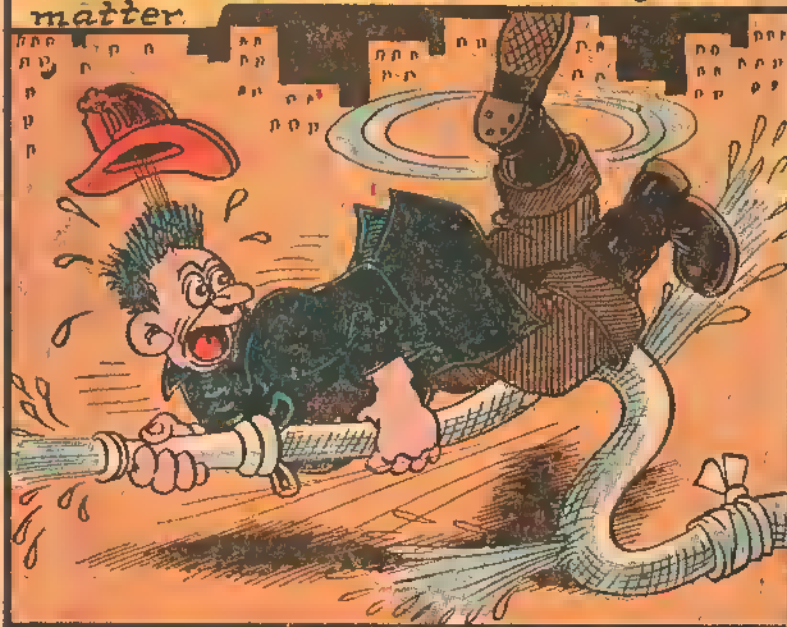




When Mr. 'E' reaches home..

ALL WISE AND POWERFUL KING KOLAH, I HUMBL Y REPORT THAT ONE KILLER IS DEAD, ANOTHER IS LOST IN A SWAMP AND A THIRD IS IN JAIL AWAITING TRIAL FOR MURDER!

Water does not put out a fire because it is wet! It is used to shut off the oxygen and lowers the kindling point of the burning matter.



The spider spins the finest and strongest thread there is. It has greater tensility than steel.

It's FA



Cattle that get of exercise have meat than lazy

**MORE
WOMEN
THAN
MEN
LIVE
TO BE
70 YEARS
OLD!**



I'M LE
THAT'S
HOT
COM

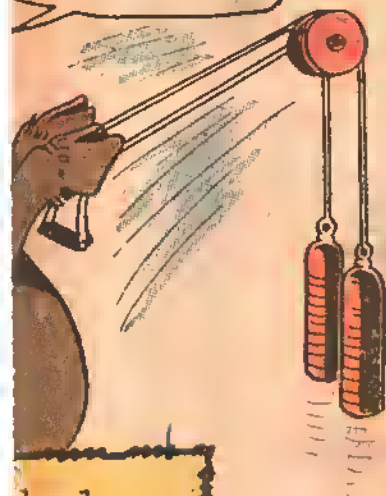


Twen
minu
boilin
make
wate
to di

a CT

Alcohol does not warm up the body. If Arctic explorers used alcohol, they would freeze to death. It has the sensation of warming the body for it reddens and warms the skin. Actually, it causes the warm blood to rise to the surface of the body, where it is chilled and returns cold in the internal organs.

I SHOULD MAKE
THE MARKET
THIS YEAR!



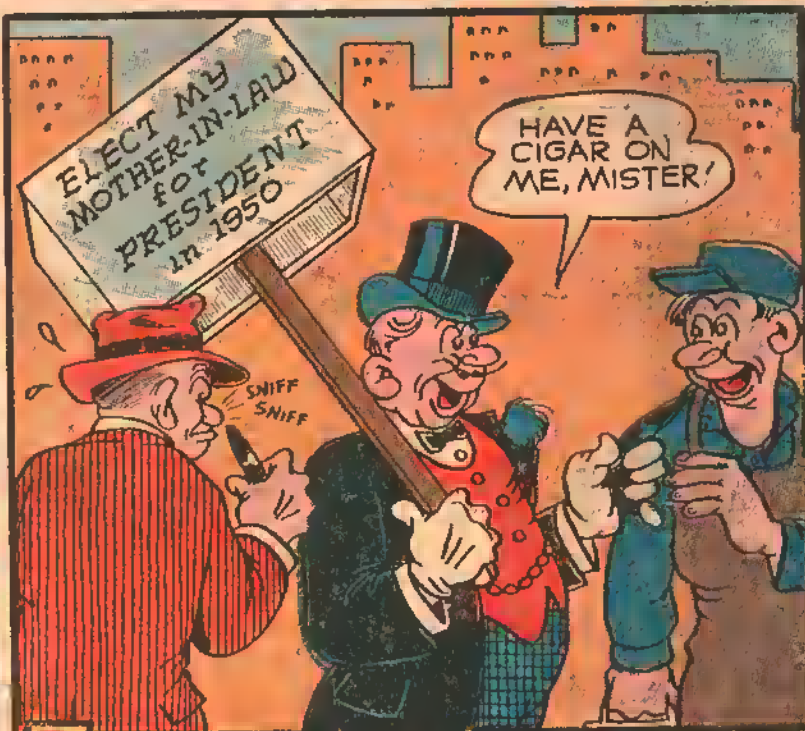
plenty
tenderer
cattle.

WING!
TOO
FOR
PORT!



y
es
g will
any
safe
ink!

**DIAMOND
DUST
IS
THE
HARDEST
KNOWN
ABRASIVE**



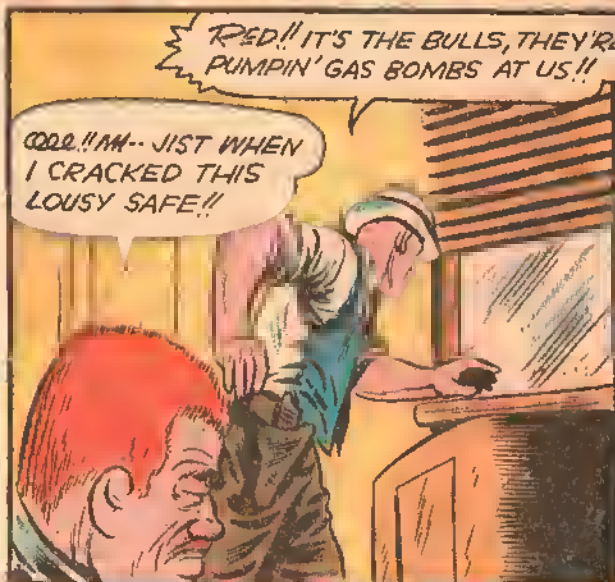
Every man elected to the presidency of the U.S. in the year ending in zero died in office. Harrison 1840--Lincoln 1860, McKinley 1900--Harding 1920--Roosevelt 1940

Finish of a ...

Tough Guy



Red O'Leary was a typical desperado in appearance with his red hair, bristling moustache, and his ugly, heavy-jawed face While his huge neck and shoulders, his big head and powerful hands impressed one with his physical powers He weighed nearly three hundred pounds, and his pals pointed with pride that he wore a bigger hat than any politician in America Size eight and a quarter!





RED WAS HELD IN LUDLOW ST. JAIL IN NEW YORK CITY, AND WAS VISITED OFTEN BY HIS WIFE, AND A FRIEND "BUTCH" McCARTHY....

WE GOT A FLAT IN THE TENEMENT NEXT DOOR...THERE'S JUST A WALL BETWEEN IT AND YOUR BATHROOM

GOOD WORK!

GOIN' UP T'THE BATHROOM T'WASH UP A BIT OFFICER!!

DON'T BE LONG RED!

ONE DAY, A FEW WEEKS LATER!

IF I LOOSEN THESE BRICKS, I SHOULD FIND THE TUNNEL THEY'VE DUG...HERE IT IS!!

GOOD WORK RED, YA MADE IT EASY!!

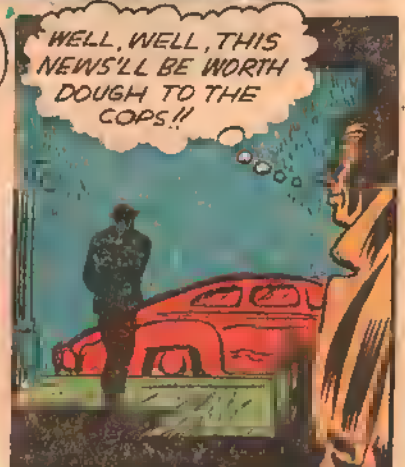
YEH, WELL LET'S BLOW BEFORE THEY FIND THE TUNNEL WE DUG!!

GLORY BE!!! O'LEARY'S ESCAPED!!

GLAD YOU GOT OUR STUFF PACKED MONEY, NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!!

AND, SO O'LEARY FLED TO EUROPE TO ESCAPE HIS JUST PUNISHMENT.....

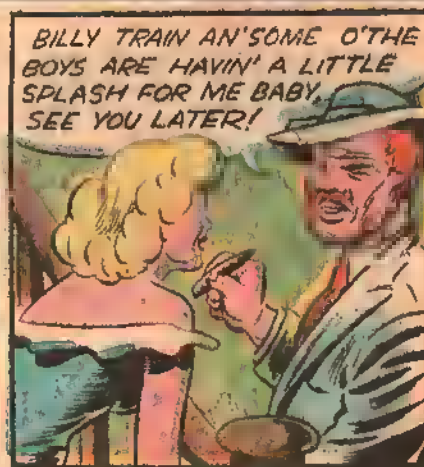
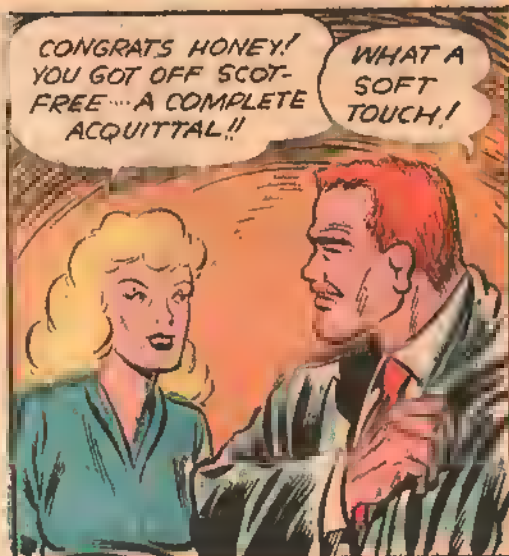
BETTER STAY ON THE OTHER SIDE 'TIL THEY TURN OFF THE HEAT BACK IN THE STATES!

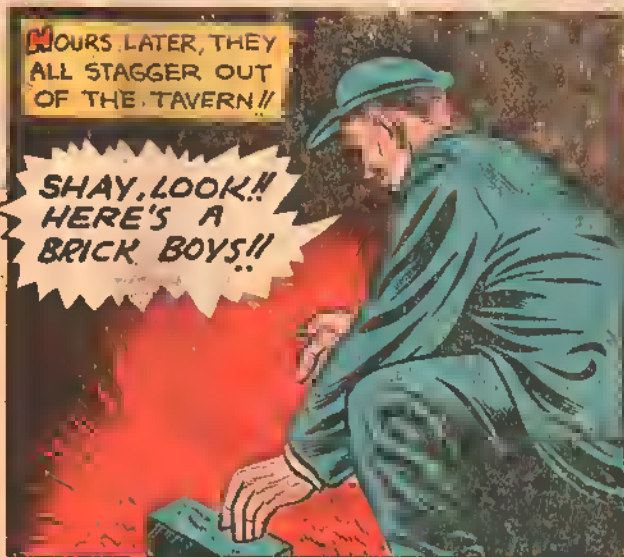




DUE TO THE
FACT THAT
THE EVIDENCE
AGAINST O'LEARY
WAS MEAGER,
AND THAT
RED HIRED
TOP-NOTCH
LAWYERS, THE
STATE HAD
TROUBLE IN
PROVING
THEIR CASE..

AND





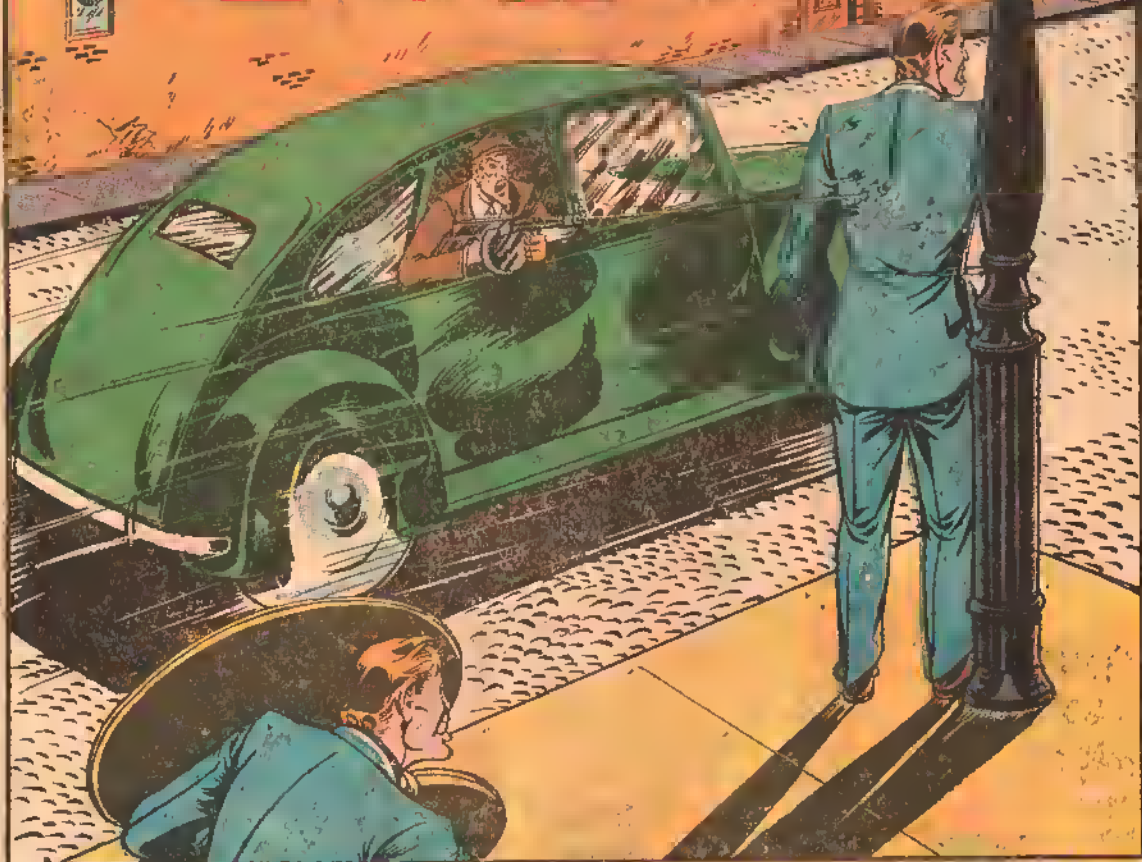
THE BRICK TOSSED PLAYFULLY INTO THE AIR, LANDS SQUARE ON O'LEARY'S SKULL!!



THUS, BY A BRICK THROWN IN THE AIR BY 'BILLY' TRAIN, A DRUNKEN EX-CONVICT, THE LAWLESS, AND RIOTOUS LIFE OF THE NOTORIOUS "RED" O'LEARY CAME TO A VIOLENT, IF NOT TRAGIC, END, AND THE BALANCE OF JUSTICE WAS MAINTAINED!

THE

ECHO



Bullets buzz like angry wasps when **THE ECHO** throws his voice at a pair of murder merchants. They can't put him on the spot because he's always heard, but seldom seen. **THE ECHO** knows that a live target is the best killer bait... but he finds it takes more than that to turn the tables on men who deal in **CORPSES--C.O.D!**

MISSED HIM AGAIN!



HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

THE SECOND TIME TODAY I'VE ALMOST BEEN STRUCK BY A CAR. MAYBE JANE WAS RIGHT IN HAVING THAT DOC COME TO GIVE ME A CHECK-UP!



BUT THE DOC JANE CALLED
IN, DIDN'T GIVE ME A THOROUGH
EXAMINATION. I'M GOING TO
HAVE DR. DOOM LOOK
ME OVER!



I THOUGHT DOC'S
OFFICE HOURS
WERE SEVEN TO
EIGHT, CORA!

HE MAKES
EXCEPTIONS,
ECHO. THE MAN
WHO JUST CAME
IN LOOKS TERRIFIED--
AND IS TRYING HARD
TO CONCEAL IT!



NOTHING WRONG
WITH YOU, BILL.
WHAT DOES
YOUR WIFE
THINK IS THE
TROUBLE?

DON'T
KNOW,
DOC!
SHE'S
TELLING
EVERYONE

THAT I HAVE
DIZZY SPELLS,
BUT I FEEL FINE!



HAVE YOU
HAD ANY
ACCIDENTS?

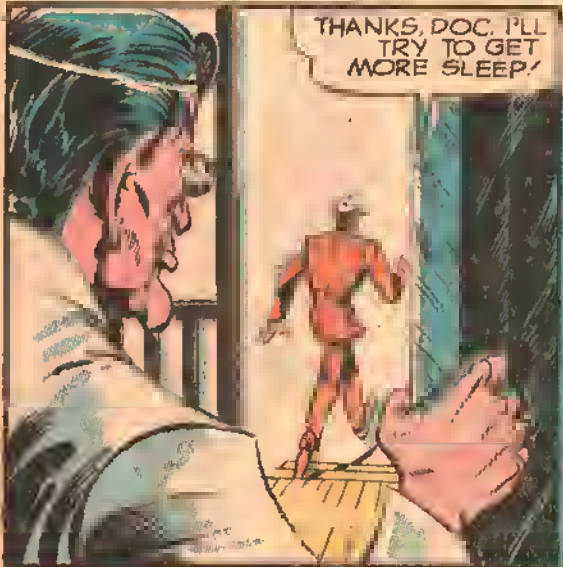
NO-- BUT
TWICE
TODAY I
WAS ALMOST
STRUCK BY
A CAR!



JUST YOUR NERVES,
BILL. TAKE THESE
PILLS. YOU'LL
BE ALL RIGHT.



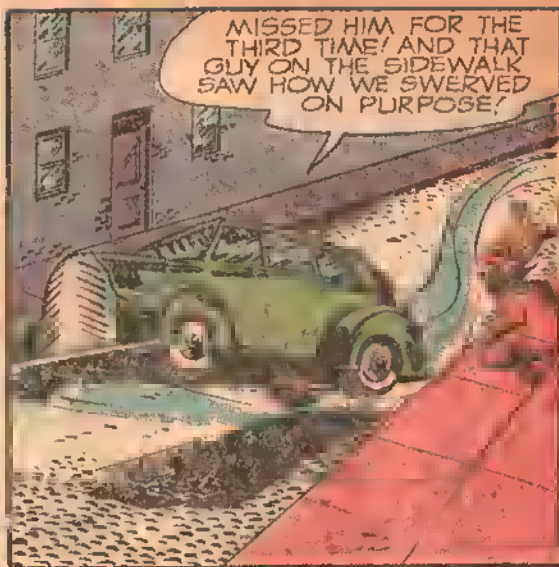
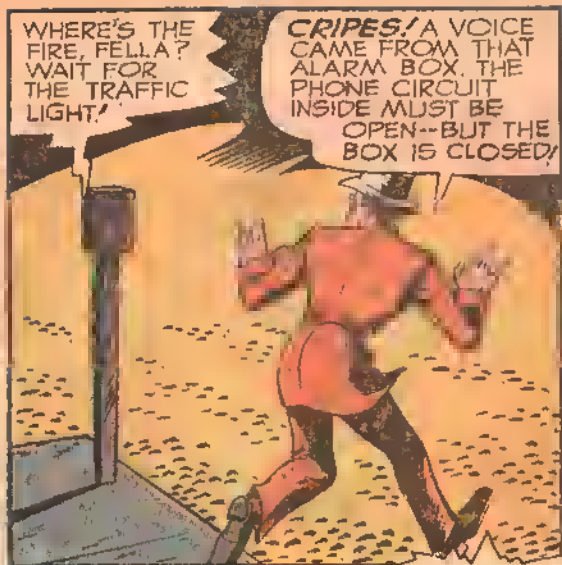
THANKS, DOC. I'LL
TRY TO GET
MORE SLEEP!

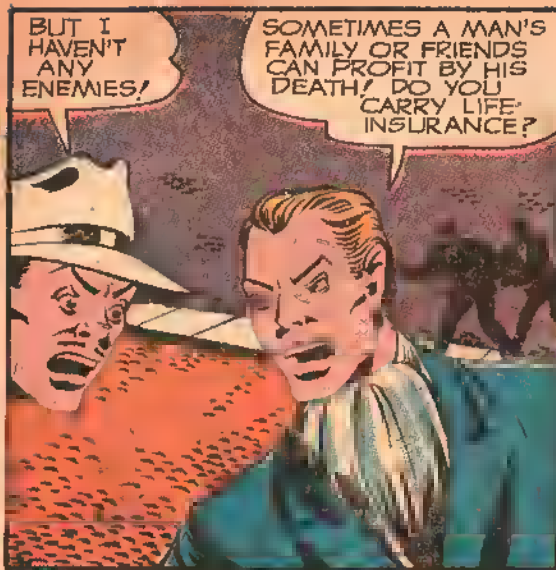


QUICK, ECHO? JUMP
INTO YOUR SHOES
AND SLIP ON A
COAT! I WANT
YOU TO FOLLOW
BILL NORTON!

YOUR
HUNCHES ARE
ALWAYS HOT,
DOC. I'LL KEEP
AN EYE
ON HIM!









P55T! DON'T SLIP HIM
THAT DRINK, BABY!
WE'LL GET HIM
WHEN HE LEAVES!



I PUT TOO MUCH
SODA IN IT, ECHO!
YOU'D BETTER
MIX YOUR OWN!

THANKS, MRS.
NORTON. ER, SAY,
HAVEN'T I SEEN
YOU SOMEWHERE?
YOU USED TO
SING, DIDN'T YOU?



SURE, AT THE SHORE
CLUB. TONI GAVE
UP A PROMISING
CAREER TO MARRY
ME, ECHO!

HO-HUM, I'D
BETTER RUN
ALONG, FOLKS.
IF YOU NEED
ME, I LIVE AT
ONE-FIFTEEN
CLINTON
DRIVE!



HEAR
THAT,
DUSTY?
WE'LL
GET HIM
OVER
THERE!
LET'S
GO!



While the killers lie in
ambush at the wrong
address, The Echo
works fast--

YOU WERE
RIGHT ABOUT
NORTON, DOC
GET DRESSED
QUICK! WHERE'S
THE ECHO
DUMMY?

IN
THE
SPARE
ROOM
CLOSET.
WHO'S
GUNNING
FOR YOU?



TWO BIRDS HIRED BY
NORTON'S WIFE TO RUB
HIM OUT. HE TOLD HER
I WAS THE ECHO, BUT
EVEN SO I TRICKED
HER INTO REVEALING
HER GUILT!



WHERE ARE YOU
TAKING YOUR
PLASTER OF
PARIS TWIN,
ECHO?

TO THE REAR OF
A BUILDING AT
ONE FIFTEEN
CLINTON DRIVE,
ECHO.

MAYBE HE WENT
TO THE
COPS, OWL!

NO—HE'S A LONE
WOLF. HE WILL
SHOW UP ANY
MOMENT.



AND DON'T WORRY
ABOUT NORTON. HIS
WIFE WILL KEEP
HIM OUT OF
MISCHIEF UNTIL
WE'RE READY
FOR HIM!

IF SHE DON'T
WE CAN'T
COLLECT OUR
FEE FROM HER.
**HEY! LOOK
BACK THERE!**



THERE HE IS! I'LL
MAKE A "U" TURN
AN' YOU BE READY
TO GIVE HIM
THE BUSINESS!

I PHONED
CAPTAIN
HAGGERTY.
HE'S SENDING
TWO SQUAD
CARS!

I'LL HAVE
TO WORK
FAST! THE
KILLERS
WILL SKIP
WHEN THEY
HEAR POLICE
SIRENS!



HEAR THAT TOMMY
GUN, DOC? THE
DUMMY IS TAKING
A TERRIFIC
BEATING!



HE'S WEARING A
BULLETPROOF VEST!
JUST STANDS THERE
LAUGHING AT ME!

DON'T LET
HIM MAKE
SAPS OUT
OF US. AIM
AT HIS FACE
AND HEAD!



I FIRED ALL MY
SHOTS. CAN'T SEE
HOW I MISSED HIM.





INVITATION to DEATH

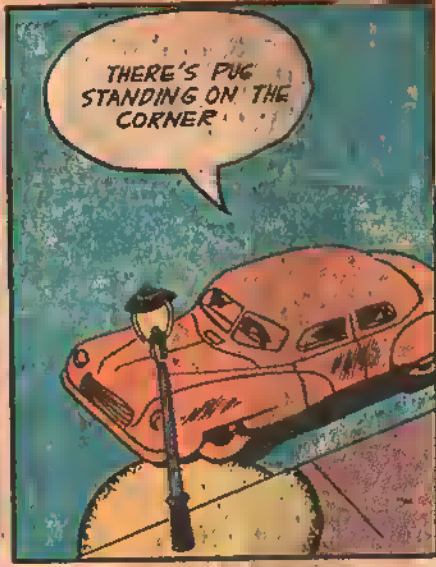


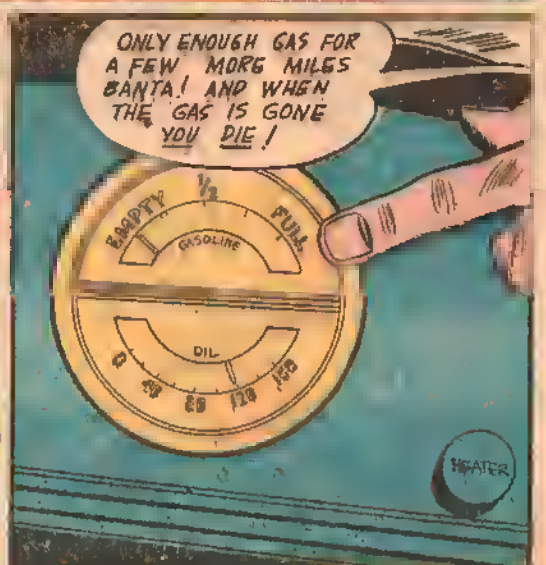
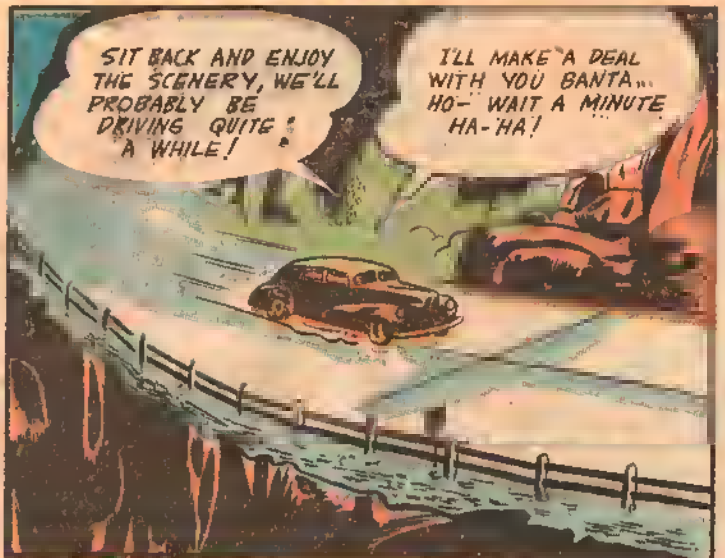
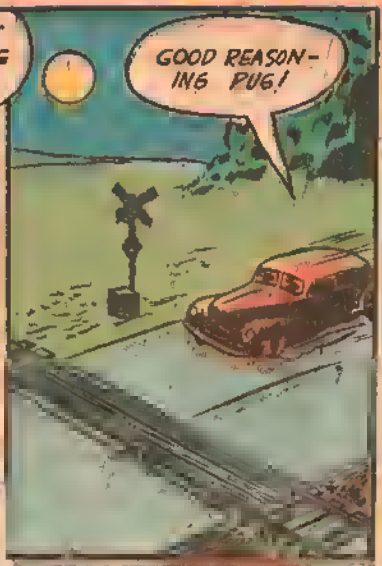
A TRUE CRIME CASE

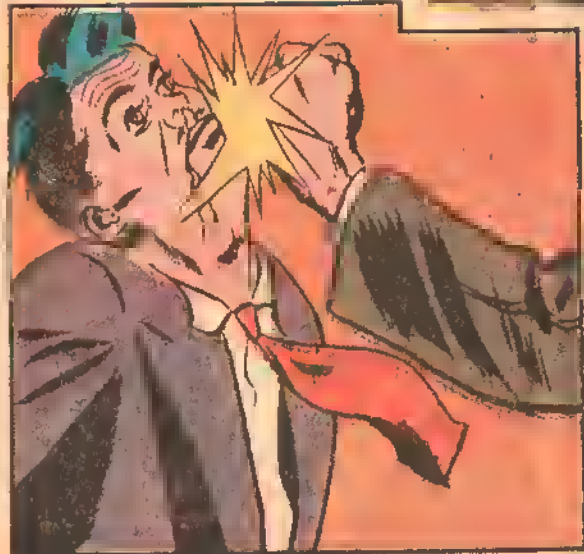
IN THIS STORY THREE
LIVES END ABRUPTLY
FOLLOWING RECEIPT BY
ONE ARTHUR BANTA OF A
MYSTERIOUS TELEPHONE
CALL IN THE ELKS
CLUB.....

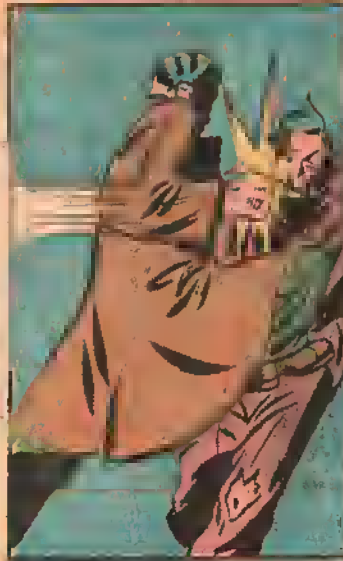
I PHONED BANTA
AT THE 'ELKS' CLUB,
NOW TO WAIT FOR
HIM TO MEET ME
HERE!

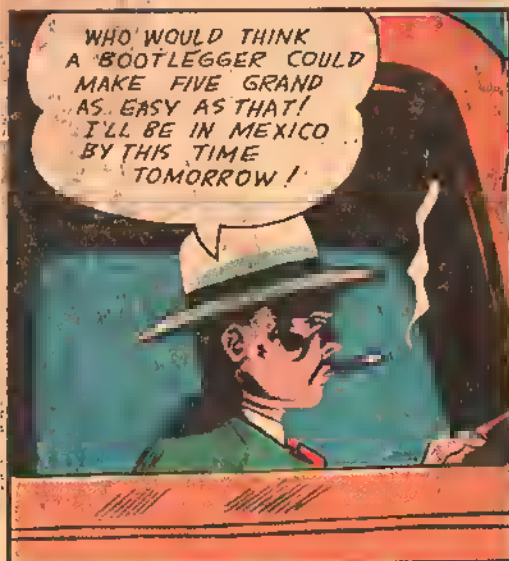










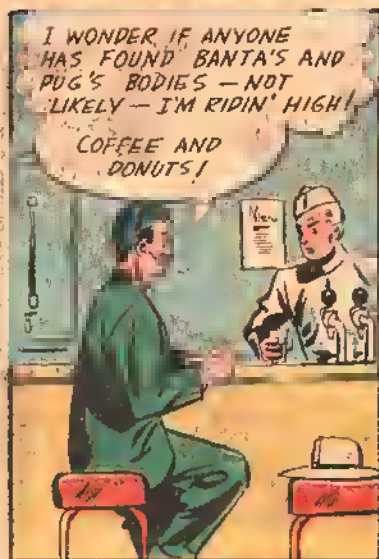


WHO WOULD THINK
A BOOTLEGGER COULD
MAKE FIVE GRAND
AS EASY AS THAT!
I'LL BE IN MEXICO
BY THIS TIME
TOMORROW!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, SLINKY
PULLS UP AT A ROADSIDE
DINER....

A COUPLE OF MORE
HOURS AND I'LL BE
OUT OF THE COUNTRY!
NOTHING TO WORRY
ABOUT NOW! WHO SAYS
CRIME DOESN'T PAY!



I WONDER IF ANYONE
HAS FOUND BANTA'S AND
PUG'S BODIES - NOT
LIKELY - I'M RIDIN' HIGH!
COFFEE AND
DONUTS!



HEY MAC! IS THAT
YOUR CAR OUT
FRONT?

HUH?
YEAH



WH-! A COP!
SOMEBODY MUST'VE
FOUND THE BODIES!
YOU'LL NEVER
TAKE ME!



WHIRLING, PUG FIRES,
HIS SHOT IS WILD...
BECAUSE THE POLICE-
MAN'S REACHES
HIM FIRST!

TAKE
TH...!



HUH? WHAT WAS THE
MATTER WITH HIM? I
JUST CAME IN TO
TELL HIM TO MOVE
HIS CAR!

THE END

SIX SHOOTER SURPRISE

TERRY'S COLT HAD TO BLUFF THE BANDITS' AIM!

The bandits climbed the trail onto the mesa and caught Terry Latham just as he rode down through the pass. Black Carson, the leader of the band, rode out from the tall timber and poked his gun into Terry's neck.

"Git 'em up," rasped Black Carson.

The cowpuncher eased himself in the saddle, released his hands from the reins and raised his arms. Carson took Terry Latham's six shooter from his holster.

Five members of Black Carson's band rode out and surrounded the roan on which Terry sat. Black Carson slapped his hands about Terry's waist and growled: "Come on. Yuh got gold on yuh. Where is it?"

"If yuh can't find it then it stands tuh reason that I ain't got it."

The bandit raised his arm and swung hard across Terry's mouth.

"We can make yuh talk," he said slowly, bringing the weight of his words to bear on the roving six-gun in his fist. "We seen yuh leave the bank with the sack of dust and we seen yuh go to the gal's cabin. And it ain't there."

Latham's tanned cheeks flushed to a bright copper hue.

"You coyotes—you been to Jane Oliver's cabin?"

"The same," replied Black Carson. "An' if yuh want tuh see her alive and safe, yuh'll start talkin'." He turned to the men. "Ride on tuh camp with this hombre, and keep yore hands on yore guns. We'll give him time tuh think."

With Latham surrounded, the bandits rode down the trail over the side of the mesa, along its base to a spot settled among a dozen huge boulders. It was a natural fortress, allowing only a single file entrance between two large rocks. Carson directed Latham to go ahead of his men.

They were not kidding. Jane Oliver was there, her tawny hair tumbling over flame red cheeks. When she saw Latham her eyes flashed angrily.

"Terry!" she cried. "Don't tell them!"

Carson raised the lariat from his saddle, and holding it like a whip, struck the girl full across the face.

"Oh!" she cried. Tears came to her eyes through a tension that was trying desperately to hold them back.

"Yuh rat," said Terry. "All right, yuh win."

"Don't tell 'em!" cried the girl. "It's our stake for the future!"

Carson laughed. "Future! Yuh won't have no future if yuh don't talk."

"It's in the saddle blanket," Terry told them.

"Oh, Terry!" the girl said in dismay. "You shouldn't have—"

Carson ordered: "Git off yore horse." He stood, holding the gun he had taken from Latham.

Terry whipped his leg over the saddle. His boot caught the bandit flush in the jaw. Black Carson swore. Terry leaped down and grabbed his gun from Carson's hand.

"One move for the girl and I'll put a bullet through Carson's skull," he told the startled bandits.

The bandits hesitated uncertainly. Carson struggled and Latham brought the handle of the six-gun down behind the bandit's ears.

"Ride, Janel!" Terry shouted.

She looked at him uncertainly. "But you?"

Pushing Carson's limp form before him, he edged his way toward the opening.

"Take my horse along," he said.

He waited with Carson's limp form at his feet while the bandits gaped in awe at the escape that was happening before their eyes. Jane sent Terry's horse ahead and rode through the opening in the rocks.

Terry laid Carson across the opening, wedging him solidly between the boulders. Jane held the horse ready. Terry ran and jumped astride the animal.

They were across the mesa, heading for the timber before the bandits had got past Black Carson. They kept going straight for town.

"They'd shore be surprised, honey, if they knew I held 'em off with 'a six-gun loaded with gold dust and a belt full of bullets loaded with the same."

BLOOD AND BLARNEY

TOM CASEY HAD A NOSE FOR CRIME

Joe Blake, night superintendent of the Morgan Works, seemed to love the oil and grease more than anything, for it was all over his clothes, his face and his hands.

He said to Tom Casey, the special detective hired to guard the payroll, "Watch those kids, Casey. They carry twenty grand for the night shift's payroll and we don't aim to lose it."

Casey kept his hand on the gun in his pocket and followed the clerks who carried the leather satchel. He wondered why the Morgan Works would send two such youngsters out for a bag full of lettuce at night time.

Casey shrugged. Oh, well, it was their business. The kids carrying the satchel were as carefree as if they had been going to the store for their mothers. It made Casey uneasy and jumpy, for they were passing the darkest part of the route at the moment.

In sight of the factory Casey breathed more easily. It would now be only a few hundred yards more and they'd be safely inside the fence. But he did not realize that even then a big man was creeping up on him from the alley he had just passed.

Casey felt a sort of sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach as a rough arm grabbed him about the neck. He twisted his body and tried to yank his gun from his pocket, but the big arms clamped his own at his sides as if he were in a vise. It went through Casey's mind that the crook was crazy to attack him, for the kids were now on the lam and c. r. y. i. n. g the dough with them.

But he changed his mind suddenly. The big man fired two shots from behind Casey and the kids went down. Casey wrenched himself free and came up with his right, but the thug sidestepped quickly, brought the barrel of his gun down on Casey's nose,

Casey's head swam and blood sputtered from each nostril. He could do no more for the kids who had been knocked off so coldly than to hang on. He tried for his gun again, but the crook took it out of his hands as if he was taking candy from a baby.

The detective clinched with his opponent, who now, too, was breathing heavily. Casey managed to get in a right to the other's wind and then a left to the jaw. But that was as far as he got. The reverse of the crook's gun came down on Casey's head, back of the ear, and Casey went down.

He did not entirely lose consciousness, knew

only that the crook was getting away with the payroll, leaving three people on the ground, two of them probably dead.

His first thought after his head cleared was to wonder if the kids were alive. Inspection showed that they were dead without a shadow of doubt. He wondered, too, why the crook had not killed him. Then he remembered the other had used a large revolver and that the report had been muffled. A silencer! Then the killer had not fired a third shot because he had not wanted to make any more noise to attract attention.

Casey entered the factory gates and notified the guard. Then he went inside to report to Blake.

Blake sat open mouthed, listening, letting tobacco juice run down his chin. He was a coarse man. Casey felt the disgust in Blake's stare. Without answering directly, Blake phoned police headquarters. Then he called the comptroller of the company, got him out of bed and reported the loss.

Department heads and company officers and police swarmed into the plant within the next half hour. Blake's attitude seemed to imply that he might think Casey had had a hand in the robbery himself.

"Got any ideas, Casey?" he asked at last, staring through small, beady eyes.

Casey took his hand from his pocket and as he did he let his gun drop to the floor. Blake dove for it and Casey dug his heel into the back of the superintendent's hand. Blake yelled out an oath.

"I think we ought to look in your pockets, Blake," Casey said.

The comptroller started from his chair. "Come, come, man! Be sensible!" he shouted.

"Too bad," said Casey, "that Blake forgot to wash his neck. He's got my nosebleed all over it, in spite of his putting on a clean jumper."

Blake roared, rose to his feet. Casey kicked his gun across the room and as Blake reached for his pocket, the detective sent a hard right to the man's jaw. He folded and went down in a heap. Casey felt a wave of satisfaction come over him, as a wad of bills fell from Blake's jumper.

"I knew no ordinary crook could smell so strongly of grease and oil. As a matter of fact, Blake did wash his neck for once. There wasn't a trace of blood there, but he fell for the gag."

Timothy

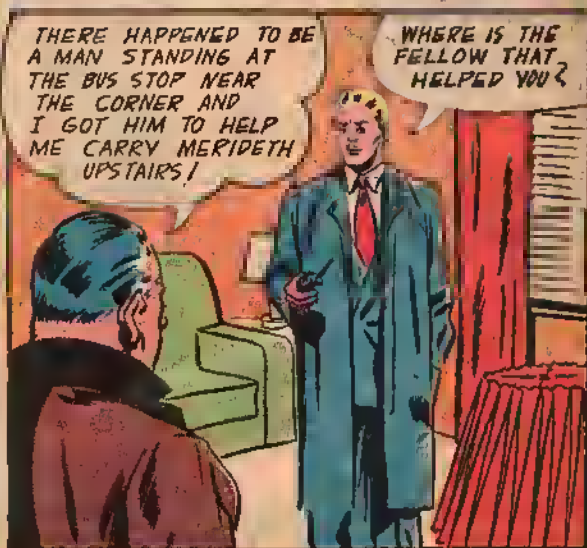
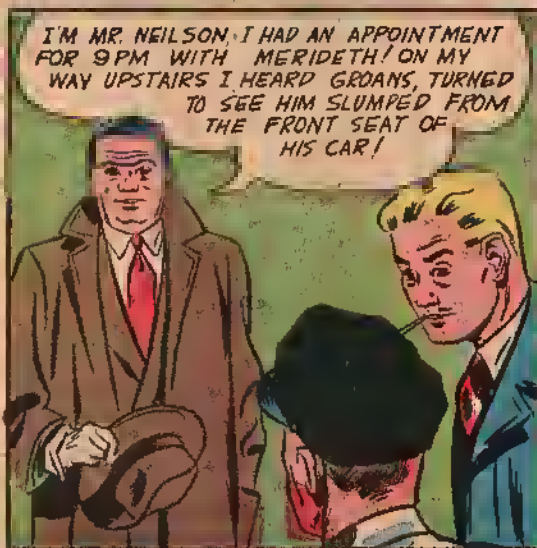
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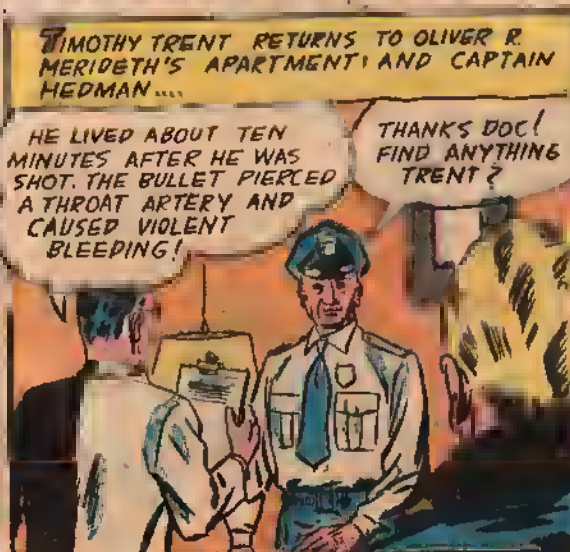
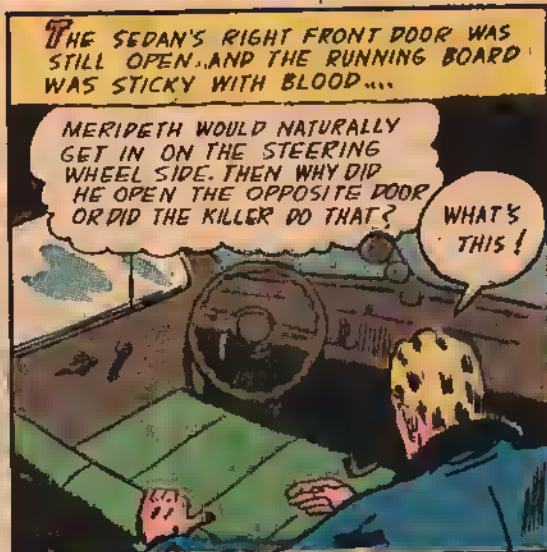
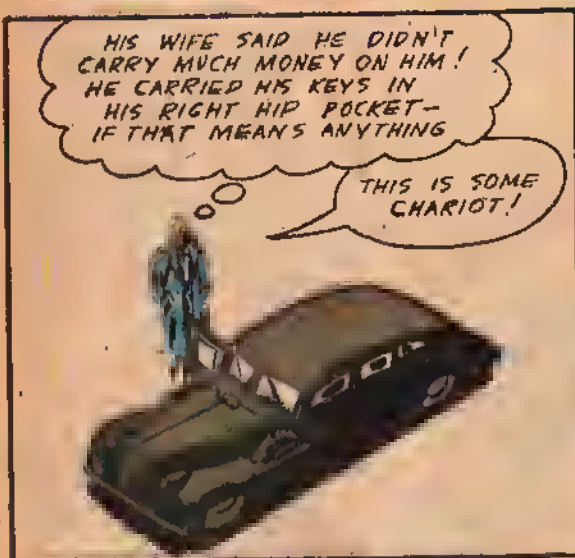
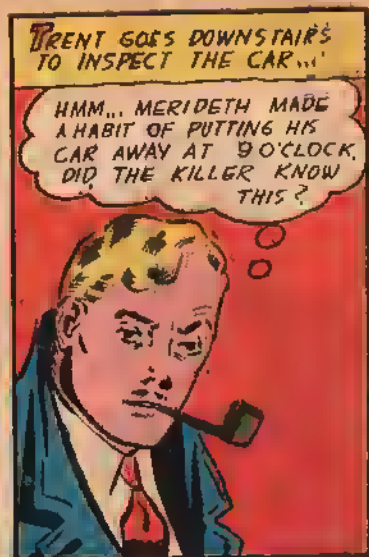
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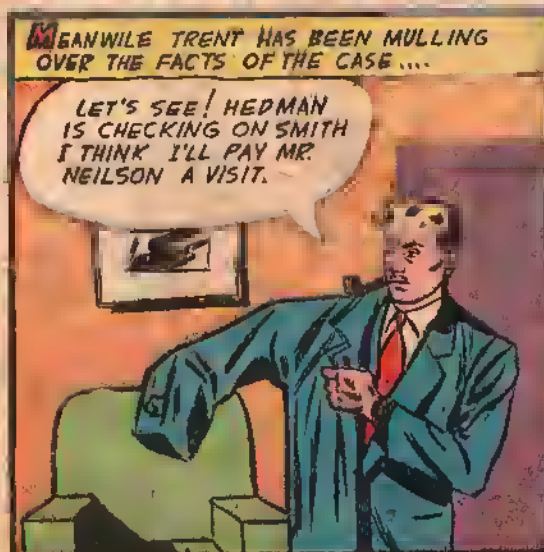
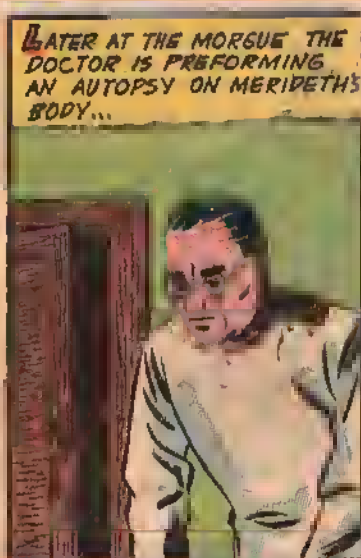
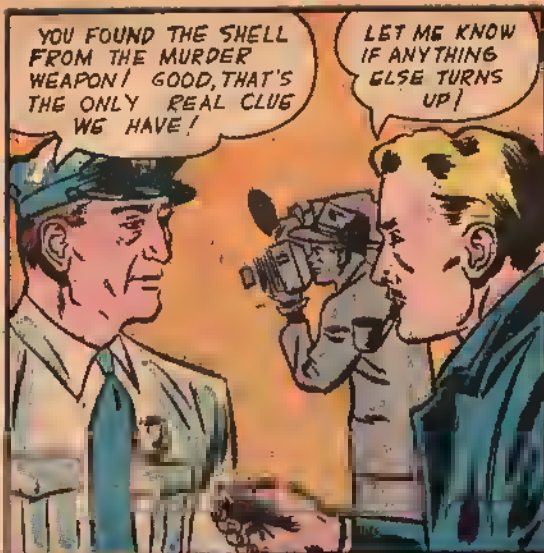
**"PUT ME ON A
MARBLE SLAB"**

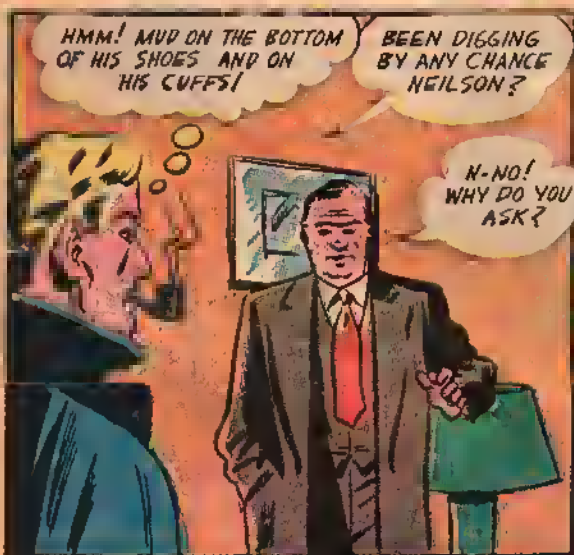
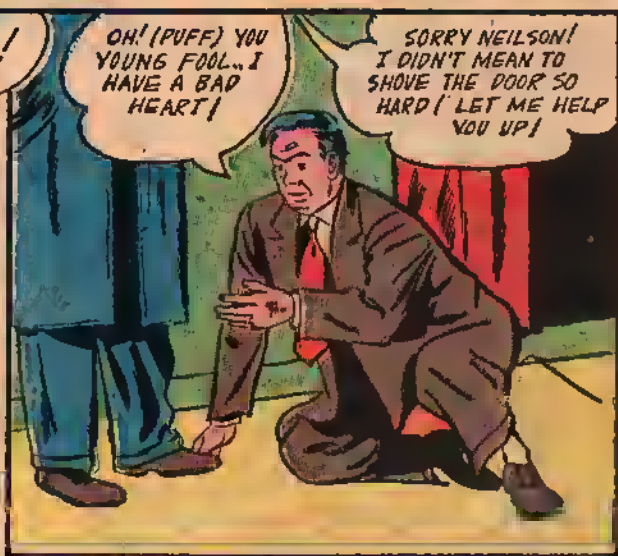
TIMOTHY TRENT TRACKS DOWN
A COLD-BLOODED KILLER...
WITH A HEART! READ ON...





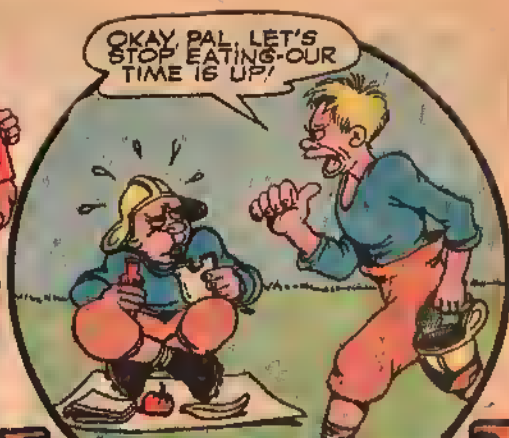




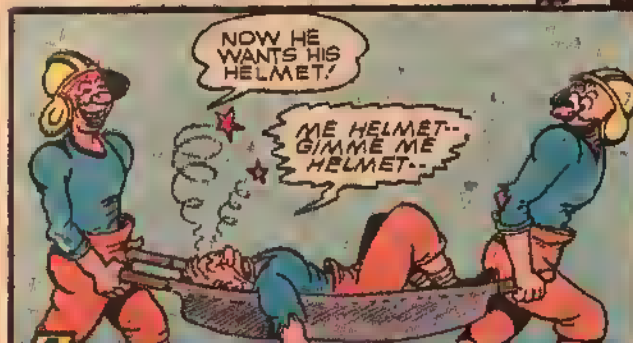




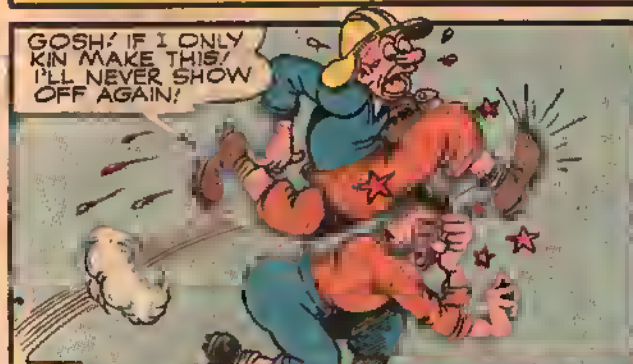
It's a RULE



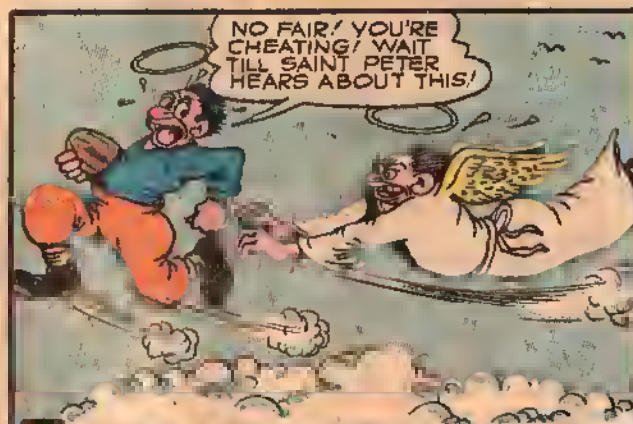
A team can only take three minute time-outs during each half.



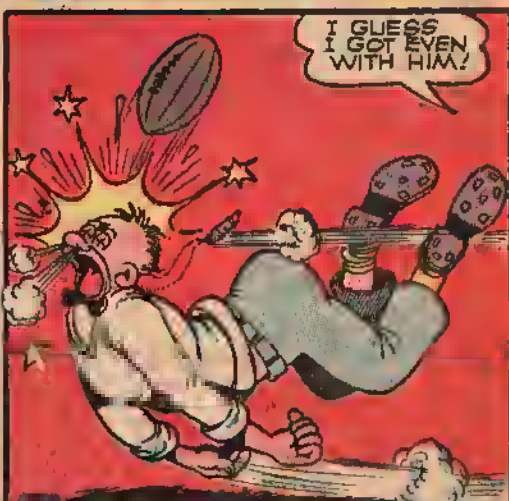
All players must wear helmets and knee pads. Pads must be at least one half inch in thickness.



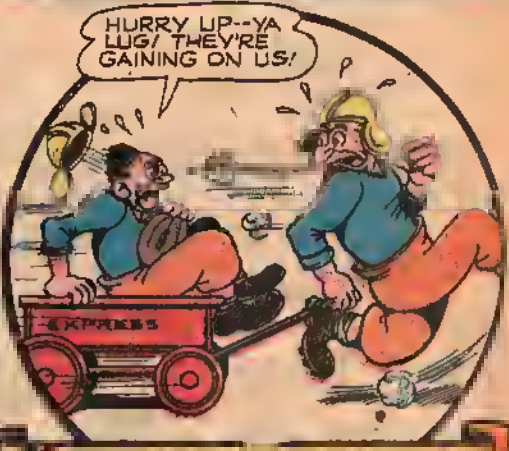
Murdering over a standing player is not allowed. It is permissable if a player is on his knees.



It is illegal to use a flying tackle in which a player dives or throws his body thru the air at the runner.



The ball does not become dead if it strikes or touches any official while he is in the field or play or in the end zone.



No player of the team in possession of the ball may help the runner in any way except by interfering for him.

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 Calling All DICK TRACY Fans!



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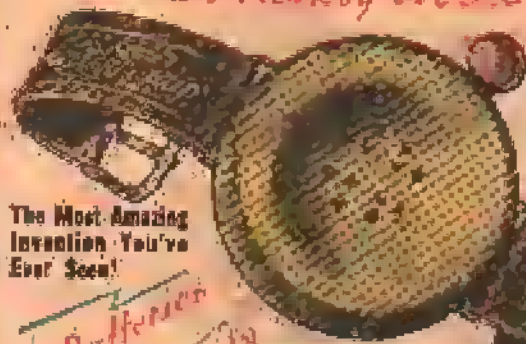
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 complete refund!

CHECK ONE ☐ I am enclosing \$3.98. Please ship postpaid.
☐ Bill C.O.D. Full pay within 30 days plus postage.
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MOLD OF THE INDIAN.

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DO YOU
DO WITH
THAT?

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POWDER INTO IT, THEN
WHEN IT DRIES, I
REMOVE THE RUBBER.

DOES THAT
MAKE A CAST
OF THE INDIAN?

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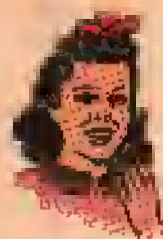
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